



THE SKETCH

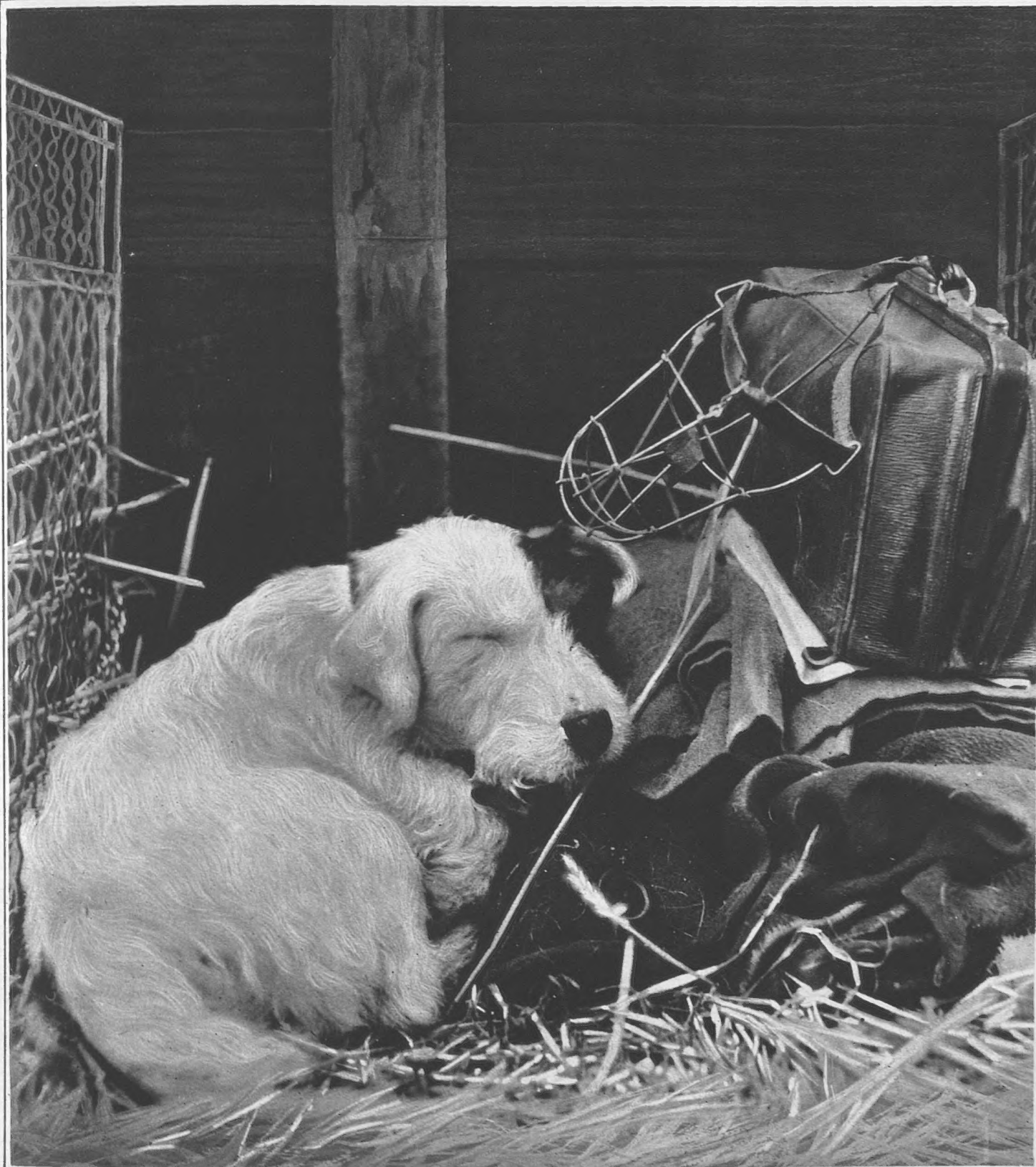


REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1516—Vol. CXVII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



A DOG STUDY—BUT NOT “THIS WEEK’S STUDDY”: GUARDING HIS POSSESSIONS AT CRUFT’S.

Over 4000 dogs were exhibited at Cruft’s Thirty-Fifth Annual Dog Show held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Our photograph shows one of the canine aristocrats taking a few moments’ beauty sleep after an

exhausting day at the show. He is in charge of his elaborate “exhibition kit,” which includes all the impedimenta necessary for making a complete doggy toilette.—[Photograph by I.B.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

Lightning Definitions.

Lord Riddell has brought home with him from America a new parlour game which might be popular in circles—if there are any left—where people like to use their brains. This new game should be known as "Lightning Definitions."

"At a Washington dinner party," says Lord Riddell in *John o' London's Weekly*, "my attention was forcibly directed to the difficulty of defining words in common use at short notice without the aid of a dictionary. One of the party, which consisted of journalists, offered to make a small bet with each of the other persons present that he could not within three minutes, and without reference to a dictionary, write down a definition of the word 'time.' Most of us took the bet, and we all lost it. Try the experiment without reflection."

I have tried it, your Lordship, and without reflection. No sooner had I read the above paragraph than I took pencil and paper and evolved the following definition of "time" in thirty seconds—leaving me two and a half minutes to the good.

"Time is the name given to the human record of the passing days, nights, and seasons."

I don't know if that is a perfect definition, but I should have been very unwilling to pay on it. My dictionary, by the way, one of the best published, rather shirks the difficulty—for "time," I admit, is a difficult word to define. "The measure of duration," it says, after mature reflection; "a particular portion, part, or point of duration, whether past, present, or future; occasion; season; moment; proper occasion; opportunity." Which is not so much a definition of the word as a string of alternatives.

But dictionaries are inclined to hedge. If, for example, you want to know, as you might at any moment, the exact meaning of "remonetization," and go to your dictionary, or mine, you will find this very helpful explanation: "The act of remonetizing." Would that have won a bet at Washington?

A Good Word Moribund.

There is a word in our language—a splendid old word, much beloved of poets and story-tellers—which lies a-dying. The generation that has come into being during or since the war cannot understand our use of the word "crusty." What do we mean, they wonder, when we talk about

a "crusty" old man, or a "crusty" speech, or a "crusty" loaf?

"Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty."

Thus Alexander Pope, who flourished in the days when crusty bread was still obtainable from any decent baker. He intended, of course, to draw a picture of simplicity, of sublime austerity. As a matter of fact, there is no greater luxury in England to-day than a crust of bread. Millionaires, whose teeth have remained unto them, long and long for crusts of bread. All in vain. The bakers have forgotten how to do it. They make a loaf in imitation of the crusty cottage, but it is mere imitation. Touch it ever so



HUNTING IN IRELAND: THE KILKENNY MEET AT CASTLEMORRIS.

This photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Kilkenny at Castlemorris. The names are, behind, Mr. Bruen; front row, left to right, Mrs. John de Montmorency, Mrs. Evans Johnson, Miss Power, Sir Hercules Langrishe, Mr. Terence Langrishe, Mrs. Bruen, Lord Ossory, son of the Marquess of Ormonde, and Lady Ossory.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

lightly, and the so-called crust comes off in thin, pitiful flakes.

Crusty bread, really crusty bread, is one of the necessities of my existence. I have called on baker after baker. I have explained, cajoled, beseeched. I have taken with me to their bakeries pictures of crusty loaves as they used to be. I have read them passages from the poets on the subject of crust, and long panegyrics from Dickens. I have persuaded them to admit that England will never again be England until we can restore the crusty cottage loaf of wonderful memory. They have promised me my crusty loaves. They have sent for the foreman baker, and instructed him, in my presence, to keep a loaf in the oven for me until it is as hard as a brick.

No use! Nothing happens! The same flabby rubbish turns up each morning as regularly as the milk. They cannot do it. They have lost the art. So we may as well bundle the word out of the language and forget it.

"Postal Facilities."

Another phrase which cannot mean very much to the new generation is "postal facilities." Call them "postal difficulties," and the children will understand. But how can there be postal facilities when, to all intents and purposes (useful phrase), there is only one post each day, and none at all on Sunday or Monday?

Another thing. Cabinet Ministers keep telling us to buck up and get on with the job. But how can people buck up when their lines of communication are either destroyed or clogged by overcharges? If you want to get business going, the last things you should interfere with are postal, telephonic, or telegraphic facilities. You might as well tell a convalescent to get well quickly and then tie up his veins.

I live in a town, fifty miles from London, with a population of a quarter of a million. I get one delivery of letters each day, none on Sundays, and very little on Mondays. There are other deliveries, but they merely bring local circulars and that sort of thing.

The withdrawal of the Sunday morning post is peculiarly hampering. Sunday letters made Monday engagements possible. In London, Sunday letters are not needed. But people living out of London lose half a week because for three days, more or less, they cannot communicate with London. That's how it works out.

Mrs. Asquith in America.

I am not very surprised to learn that Mrs. Asquith has had difficulty in holding the attention of her American audiences. I understand that her entertainment consists in reading chapters from a forthcoming edition of a new volume of reminiscences. Dickens, they say, could interest audiences by reading from his own books, but Dickens was an exception. Besides, in his day there were things called "Penny Readings," and it was the fashion to read aloud in the home. Your up-to-date audience wants the excitement of waiting for a speaker to break down. That is the popular fascination of listening to speeches or extempore sermons, deny it as the public may. The man who calmly faces an audience without a note of any sort in his hand will hold that audience as long as his ideas, which must be fresh and clear, continue to flow. And, of course, every syllable must be heard.

Givers of a Crowded "Reception" at the Agricultural Hall.



IN PENSIVE MOOD: MRS. E. D. EDMUNDS' CHAMPION LEDBURN BINNACLE.



THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGER: MISS G. M. LANCE'S FOREIGN DOG, SARONA KELB.



THE CHARMING PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTY: MISS THORNLEY'S BRENDON OF BANTRY.



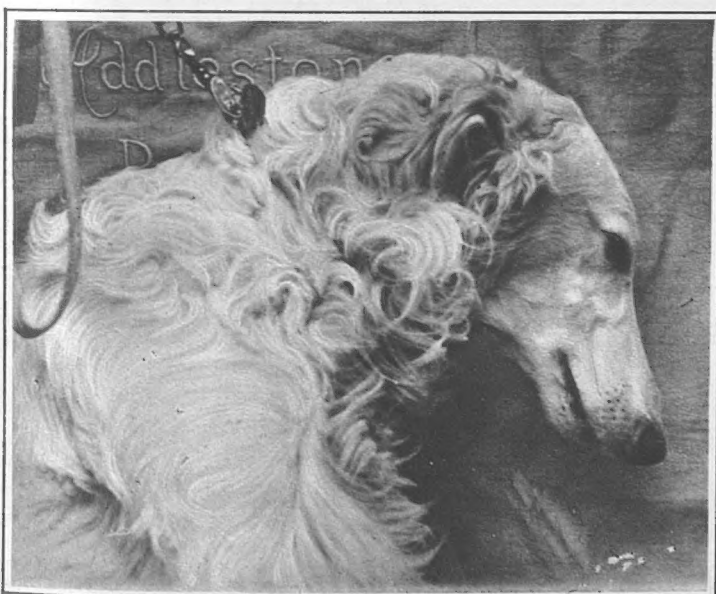
ABOUT TO GREET A FRIEND: MARLBOROUGH SNOWFLAKE.



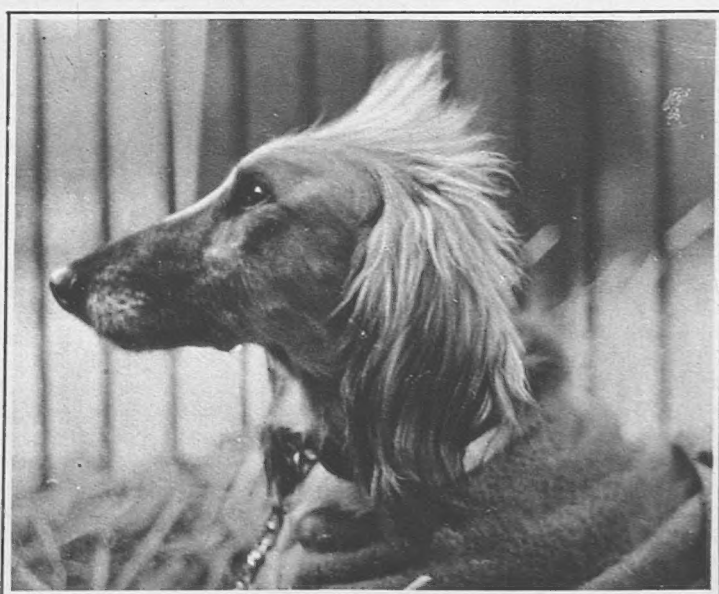
CHARM AND ELEGANCE: GODA VON SIMPLON, A CHAMPION.



SHOWING THE CORRECT POODLE COIFFURE: MRS. HARVEY'S LA CULOTTE BLANCHE.



A HIGH-BRED BEAUTY: MARQUIS OF ADDLESTONE, MRS. VLASTO'S WONDERFUL BORZOI.



A LADY FROM A DISTANT LAND: KANEE, ONE OF MAJOR J. BELL MURRAY'S AFGHAN HOUNDS.

The canine beauties held a wonderful "reception" at the Agricultural Hall, for not only was there a record entry at Cruft's Dog Show, but the attendance of visitors was unusually large. Mrs. Edmunds' bloodhound, Champion Ledburn Binnacle, won a first and a championship. Miss G. M. Lance's "mysterious stranger" was exhibited in the Foreign Dogs' Class. Miss G. Thornley's Brendon of Bantry, a Kerry blue terrier, was a first

prize winner in the Novice Class for this rare breed of dog. Marlborough Snowflake was the only toy bull terrier in the show. Mr. Ostwalt's Alsatian wolf-dog, Goda Von Simplon, won four firsts and championships. Mrs. Vlasto's borzoi, Marquis of Addlestone, captured seven specials, one championship, and two firsts. Much interest was roused by Major J. Bell Murray's Afghan hounds, who were exhibited, but did not compete.

Photographs by Alfieri, I.B., S. and G.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

Eve-of-Session Banquets.

All last week one lived in an atmosphere of political rumours. Members of the Government and Opposition groups having reverted to the pre-war practice of eve-of-session banquets, we began the week on Monday with our brains at bursting point.



1. Angela and Algy are doing very well at present. They have started a private gambling hell, which proves most remunerative. Aunt Babsie is the principal victim.

Lord and Lady Farquhar's reception at their house in Grosvenor Square proved a veritable gathering of the Coalition clans. With only a short winter night in which to talk over the momentous problems of the new session, no wonder tongues wagged at lightning speed—the ladies, indeed, doing most of the talking, as these parties are their only chance!

The Prime Minister's previous dinner party included most of the Commons lions: Mr. Churchill, Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Mr. Fisher, Sir E. Pollock, Mr. Shortt, Sir William Sutherland, Mr. Speaker, Colonel Leslie Wilson, Commander Hilton-Young, Sir Maurice-Hankey, Sir John Baird, Sir Robert Horne, and about twenty others.

The Foreign Secretary, as Leader of the House of Lords, entertained the Members of the House who are Government supporters: the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Devonshire, Sutherland, Richmond, and Atholl, Lords Bath, Derby, Chesterfield, Pembroke, Crawford, Clarendon, Lucan, Bradford, Ancaster, Farquhar, Iveagh, Valentia, Fitzalan, and many others.

Lady Farquhar received her guests at the top of the staircase, with Mrs. Lloyd George, Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, and Lady Curzon of Kedleston to assist her.

Cassano's band played beautifully—always an inspiration in itself. But "Irrepressible Jane" was too busy listening to the few really brilliant to notice the many who talked for talking's sake. For once clothes didn't seem to count—though most women looked their best. And the worst of it is that the interesting things were told in

whispered secrecy, and the epoch-making news was breathed in strictest confidence.

But youth and beauty were represented by Lady Joan Mulholland, the Duchess of Sutherland, and a few others; Lady Astor was in her element; so was Sir Robert Horne; Lord Londonderry was discreetly interesting over Ireland; Sir Laming Worthington-Evans was not at all sure that the whole of "the Old Contemptibles" were to be hewn down by the Geddes axe (to continue my last week's battle-cry) and if everyone there heard as much as I did I should think England to-day is really just about where she always was. So I have been as discreet as the rest. . . . But it is only until I hear more. . . . And if the Geddes axe has beheaded the pre-war officers who saved the world, God help Geddes! For if Governments forget (and I don't say they have) the country doesn't, and, like the bread and the water and the wine, all things depend on the dear old country in the end—and in the beginning, too, for that matter. Which rather brings us to Einstein and thoughts so involved and relative that I should need a pamphlet instead of a page—even allowing that my vocabulary would suffice or my mind survive (or *your* patience!)

A Buzz of General Satisfaction.

Anyhow, there was a buzz of general satisfaction in Grosvenor Square. Lord and Lady Aberconway, and Lord and Lady Bute, and Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, and dear old Lord Chaplin were talking away. So were Lord Bearsted, Lord and Lady Chelmsford, and Lady Evelyn Guinness (who looked lovely).

The Lyttons were learning more and more about India, and saying good-bye to some of their friends. Sir Owen Philipps was in good form, and Sir Derek and Lady Keppel; and Sir George Younger's presence in itself was enough to set wagging the know-all tongues of the lesser lights, whose ideas are about as mixed as my own metaphors (Sir George Younger talking to Sir William Sutherland!)

After which instructive bit of non-committal politics, I had best change the subject. That is the worst of these parties. . . . People who know everything say nothing. People who know nothing say everything. And people who know *something*, say it, but put you on your honour first, and what is the good of that?

Parliament Opens.

The King opened Parliament on Tuesday amid the pomp and circumstance of yore. There was a brighter atmosphere in the House of Lords than during the last opening in December. The morning sun, so rare in February, played through the old stained-glass windows over the silent heads of former Kings and Queens. In the Princes' Chamber were assembled peers and peeresses and a few privileged personages, all wearing their most wonderful jewels and gowns. By eleven o'clock most of the peers had taken their seats facing the Throne. The long side-rows against the walls on either side of the House gradually filled with peeresses, ranged, as always, according to rank, the duchesses and marchionesses nearest the Throne.

However often you see it, you never fail to be impressed by the solemn splendour of the scene. The deep red of the leather-covered benches, the bright crimson of the peers' robes, the brilliant jewels of the peeresses, the beautiful background of old wood, and the sudden gloom when the lights

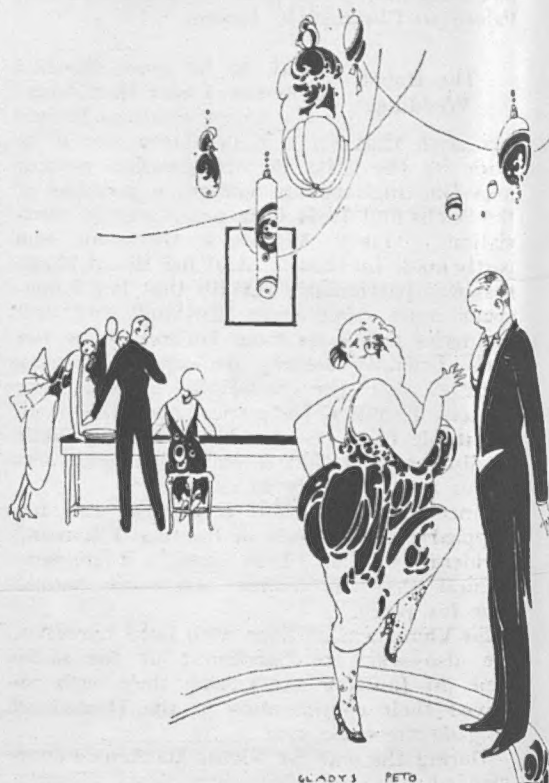


of the great chandeliers are extinguished; the still more wonderful half-light, the stately entry of Bluemantle Pursuivant and Rouge Croix, and the heralds and equerries and gentlemen ushers and the Privy Seal, the Lord Chancellor carrying the Purse, and Lord Crawford with the Sword of State—and then—and then the sudden glow of many lights. The King and Queen, hand-in-hand, enter very slowly. After they have ascended the steps of the Throne they turn and bow to the assembly. The Ladies-in-Waiting take up their places behind.

Seated on the Throne, the King says in his wonderful deep voice: "My Lords, pray be seated." There is a long pause and deep silence while Black Rod summons the Commons—and the rest is too well known to need a description.

Queen—and Mother.

On Tuesday the Queen looked more beautiful than I have ever beheld her—indeed, radiantly beautiful. I wish the whole world could see our Queen on these occasions of State. Few who have not seen her Majesty thus realise how wonderful she is—her stately figure, her gracious smile, her fresh complexion and blue eyes; her shimmering robes, her corsage ablaze with jewels, the blue riband of the Garter emphasising the great height and dignity of as gloriously beautiful a Queen as ever graced our English, or any other, Throne.



2. Unhappily, one sad day Aunt Babsie won pounds and pounds. Putting a stake upon the red, she left the table to pursue her favourite sport of chasing the unwilling young, and the stake meanwhile doubled itself again and again. Angela couldn't simply bear to pay her.

My own thoughts, however, saw only the Mother.

I was missing Princess Mary, who in December accompanied her august parents to the opening of Parliament. I could not

help thinking how our beloved Queen was going to miss her only daughter. All the excitement of trousseaux and presents, and shopping and arrangements for the wedding must be a merciful employment. To the Queen, as to every mother when her girl goes to make a home of her own, there must come many thoughts too tender to make joy-making wholly and altogether joyous.

Princess Mary has all the romance and ecstasy of youth—the wondrous beginning of a new and freer life, the fulfilment of the promise of all her loveliest dreams.

The Queen her mother has memories of her baby girl in her cot . . . her little lisping child in the nursery . . . her growing daughter riding her first pony, learning her first dancing, singing her first songs—every mother knows this. Every mother in England is drawn very near to the heart of our Queen to-day. If all the world loves a lover, it also has a secret thought, a very sacred and sympathetic feeling deep in its soul for the mother of an only girl. London especially loves the Queen very loyally, more than ever these days of sudden glimpses of her Majesty on her way from shop to shop, or from Buckingham Palace to Chesterfield House.

The Royal Wedding.

And, to be more cheerful about it, I hear that it was our happy Princess Mary's own wish that some of her laces should be made by the little old octogenarian woman in a Buckinghamshire village—a member of the Bucks and Beds Lace and Lingerie Association. Queen Victoria's trousseau was partly made by them. And her Royal Highness was particularly certain that her home-spuns must come from Scotland, and embroideries and laces from Ireland, while her Girls' Friendly Society are supplying many things; also the Self-Help Society, the Officers' Families' Industries, and other such charitable institutions. These are the little kindly thoughts that so endear the members of our Royal Family to us.

Since Lord Lascelles' brother is still too crippled (as the result of his recent hunting accident) to be "best man," it is very natural that Sir Victor Mackenzie should take his place.

Sir Victor was at Eton with Lord Lascelles. He also went to Sandhurst at the same time (in January 1901), and they both received their commissions in the Household Brigade the same year.

During the war Sir Victor Mackenzie commanded the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, which was brigaded with Lord Lascelles' own battalion—the 3rd Grenadier Guards. And, if I remember rightly, they both won the D.S.O. during the same engagement.

Sir Victor was christened after his Royal godmother, Queen Victoria. He is the fortunate owner of a delightful sporting estate not very far from Balmoral—Glen Muick, in Aberdeenshire. His grandfather, Sir James Mackenzie, was a friend of King Edward, and his Highland home was often the scene of Royal parties.

Sir Victor is unmarried, and his heir is the

little son of his late brother, Captain Allan Mackenzie, who was killed during the war. His widow, who was better known as Miss Louvima Knollys, is a life-long friend of our Royal Family, her own unusual Christian name, Louvima, being made up of the first syllables of the names of the King's three sisters—Princess Louise, Princess Victoria, and Queen Maud of Norway.

Sir Victor Mackenzie owns another sporting property—Kintail, in Ross-shire—and on his mother's side is related to the Davidsons of Tulloch. His sister, Mary Lucy Victoria, married Lord Kilmarnock, Lord Erroll's eldest son, in 1900—another link with royalty, as, of course, all the Hays have been privileged friends at Court since the early days of Queen Victoria.

Comings and Goings.

Among the recent travellers Lady Cottenham, who has just had a bad attack of influenza, has departed for the French Riviera, a climate much more suitable to a native of California than is our English climate in February.

Lord Allenby arrived home on Thursday, looking more than ever the

great soldier that he is—or, as one paper calls him, a great Proconsul. I never hear of him without remembering the first time I saw him at Felixstowe. It was long before the war, and he was visiting his already aged mother in her house by the sea. Someone introduced us, and later, as he walked away, a third person said: "There goes one of our next big soldiers." And he went on to say how all things sometimes work out for the best in this best of all possible worlds. For Lord Allenby had meant to go into the Indian Civil Service. The qualities that failed him in those earliest examinations did not fail him in the South African War. Nor in the retreat from Mons, nor at the Battle of Arras, nor in the defeat of the Turks, nor in the administrative responsibility of occupying enemy lands.

London News.

Lady Aberdeen, who has been in Ireland lately, is now back at the House of Cromar. Lady Juliet Trevor has departed for Cap Ferrat; the Master of Sinclair and Mrs. St. Clair are back in London at their house in Ennismore Gardens; Mme. Cora, the wife of the Italian Counsellor of Embassy, is back in London from Rome; and lovely Lady Moira Combe's little new baby has just been christened at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor. There is all my news. If the wee mite has half the beauty of her mother, or any of the beauty of her two grandmothers, she will be trebly blessed. For I never believe in the curse of beauty.

I never saw a beautiful woman yet who hadn't something else beautiful besides just her face. Just think how sweetly *anyone* would have to smile if every time you looked into your mirror you saw a face like a lovely flower. It would *make* you sweet all over to see luminous blue eyes that positively asked to be loved. And Lady Moira is little more than a baby herself—having married out of the school-room.

Her mother, Lady Clonmell, and her mother-in-law, Lady Jane Combe, were both beautiful—or, I should say, *are*—for to be grandmotherly these days does not necessarily mean to be more than early middle-aged.

Parties to Come.

Almost, one might say, the season has begun. At least, there are dozens of little parties this week and next. Mme. Koch de Gooreynd gave a very jolly ball on Tuesday night at her house in Belgrave Square, for which numerous hostesses gave dinner-parties.

Sir Philip Sassoon lent his house in Park Lane for the children's party and *thé dansant* in aid of the Little Folks' Home at Bexhill last Saturday, the 11th.

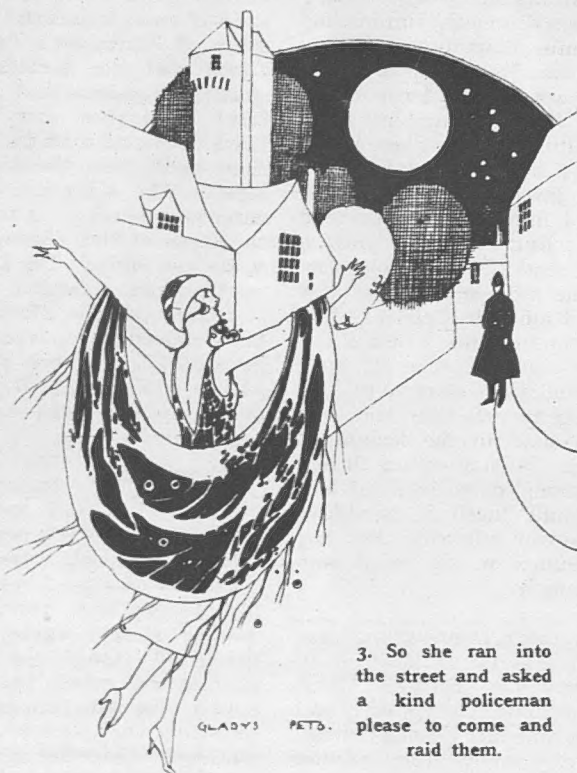
It was organised by Lady George Cholmondeley, who is now, of course, Lady Rocksavage's sister-in-law, which makes her almost a relation of Sir Philip Sassoon. She it was who was so talented an amateur actress during the war (when she was Mrs. Christopher Lowther), and played the fascinating rôle of Water in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird."

Then the James-Coates wedding will be the excuse for many little dances and farewell parties. Lovely Miss Audrey James was one of the most popular débutantes of her year, and has caused more fluttering of male hearts than is altogether good for them. I'm afraid she "turned down" a great number before the favoured Mr. Dudley Coates appeared, so the young man is wondrous lucky.

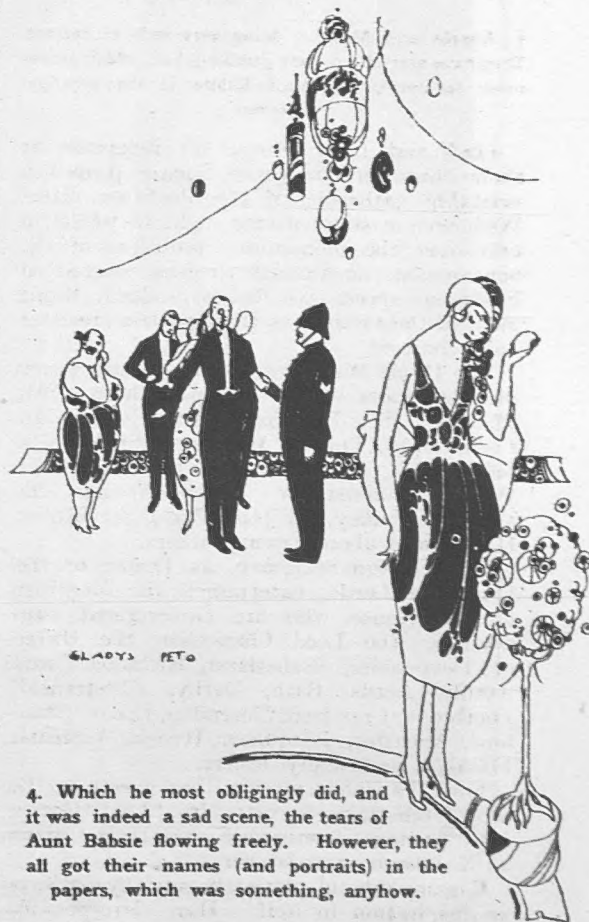
Off to Switzerland.

But for "Jane" London is a back number. "Jane" is off to St. Moritz, where the woolly jumpers grow and the skis and the edelweiss, and the jolly people on the covers of most of the magazines.

Apparently, little luggage is needed for the Engadine, for your skirts are so diminished—if they are not, indeed, trousers!—and your scarves of multitudinous colours can only be



3. So she ran into the street and asked a kind policeman please to come and raid them.



4. Which he most obligingly did, and it was indeed a sad scene, the tears of Aunt Babsie flowing freely. However, they all got their names (and portraits) in the papers, which was something, anyhow.

bought out there, and the evening dresses are mostly made up of antimacassars or feather dusters, according to all accounts of the perpetual fancy-dress balls.

But she will be back for the Royal Wedding.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

Woman Invades Again! Ladies at Squash Racquets.



Miss Joyce Cave (Left) and
The Hon. Mrs. C. N. Bruce
in the semi-finals.



TAUGHT BY THEIR FATHER: MISS M. CAVE (SEATED);
MISS J. CAVE, WINNER (L.); AND MISS N. CAVE (R.).



Miss, N. Cave (right) and
Miss, M. Cave
in the semi-finals.



ONE OF THE COMPETITORS:
MISS J. NICHOLSON.



WITH MISS E. NICHOLSON: THE HON. MRS.
C. N. BRUCE (LEFT).



WITH MISS N. CAVE: MRS.
H. E. A. BOLDERO (LEFT).

Squash racquets for ladies is still in its infancy, but the class of play seen in this year's Championship, held at Queen's Club, shows that this latest feminine invasion is "the real thing." The advent of the three Miss Caves has brought along ladies to whom the side-walls are friends

and the back-wall an ally, as the "Times" critic put it, and who do not, like squash-racquet beginners, give the impression that they find the side-walls enemies and the back-wall a cad! Miss J. Cave won the final.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

Miss Fay Compton Engaged to Mr. Leon Quartermaine.



WITH HER CHOWS-CHOWS: MISS FAY COMPTON, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.



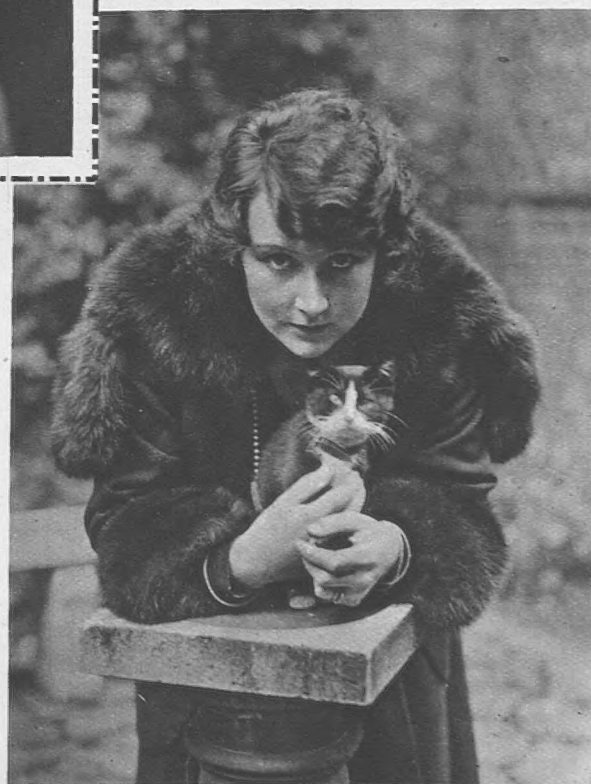
NOW PLAYING "PHOEBE OF THE RINGLETS": MISS FAY COMPTON, AT HOME.



MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE: ENGAGED TO MISS FAY COMPTON.



AT THE PIANO: MISS FAY COMPTON.

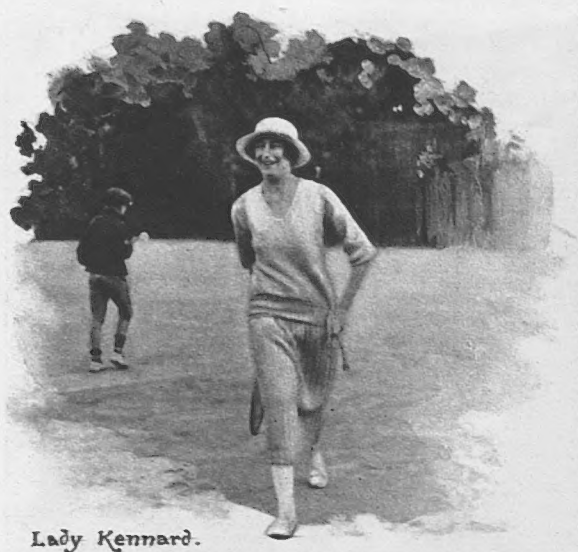


WITH ONE OF HER PETS: MISS FAY COMPTON AND KITTEN.

The engagement of Miss Fay Compton, the clever and beautiful young actress now playing the lead in Barrie's "Quality Street," at the Haymarket, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine, who acts the young hero of the play, has just been announced. Miss Fay Compton, who is a daughter of Mr. Edward Compton, and a sister of Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the

novelist, was married at 16 to the late Mr. Pelissier, of "Follies" fame. Her second husband was Mr. Lauri de Frece, who died at Trouville last summer. Mr. Leon Quartermaine was formerly married to Miss Aimée de Burgh, the well-known actress, now Mrs. Gilbert Frankau, from whom he obtained a divorce last year.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

The Joys of Being Out of England in February.



Lady Kennard.



Sir Stephenson Kent and Miss Coats.



Lord Armaghdale.



Miss Forbes-Robertson (right)



Miss Maxine Elliott.



Lord French.



Mrs. Winston Churchill.



Mr. "Solly" Joel.

DISTINGUISHED FOLK WHO SPEND THEIR LEISURE ON THE RIVIERA.

Lady Kennard is the daughter of the late Sir George Head Barclay, at one time British Minister at Bucharest.—Sir Stephenson Kent, K.C.B., is a partner in the firm of Stephenson, Clarke and Co. During the war he was Director-General of the Munitions Labour Supply.—Lord Armaghdale is a well-known Ulsterman, who sat for Mid-Armagh Division from 1900 till 1918, when he was raised to the Peerage.—

Miss Forbes-Robertson is one of the daughters of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Lady Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott), and a niece of Miss Maxine Elliott.—Field-Marshal Viscount French, and Mrs. Winston Churchill, the wife of the Colonial Secretary, are other visitors; and Mr. "Solly" Joel, the race-horse owner, is shown on board his yacht, the *Eileen*.—[Photographs by Navello and Marcel Lenoir.]

The Mystery Play that Keeps You Guessing: "The Bat."



NEW USE FOR A DRIVER: BROOKS (GEORGE RELPH) AND DALE OGDEN (NORA SWINBURNE) SOUNDING THE WALLS FOR A SECRET ROOM.



THE "DETECTIVE" DEMANDS THE DOCTOR'S KEY-RING: ANDERSON (ARTHUR WONTNER) AND DR. WELLS (A. SCOTT-GATTY).



CONSULTING THE 'OUIJA BOARD TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY: CORNELIA VAN GORDER (EVA MOORE) AND LIZZIE (DRUSILLA WILLS).

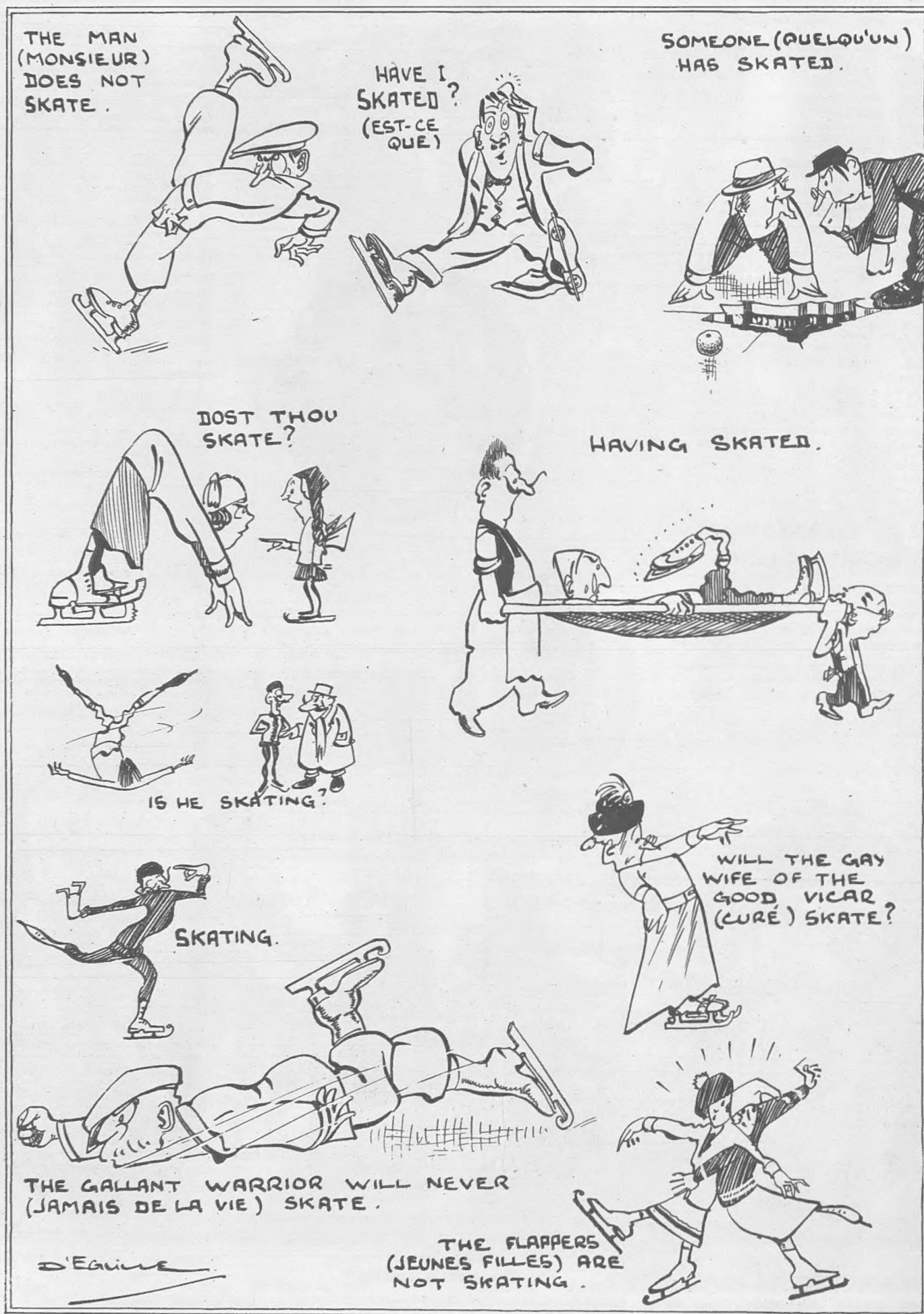


WHO IS IT? THE SHADOW OF "THE BAT," SEEN AT THE GARRET WINDOW.

"The Bat," the American detective play at the St. James's, is a well-constructed mystery drama which keeps the audience guessing at the identity of the criminal who uses the Sign of the Bat throughout three acts. What with ugly hands, muffled shapes, weird sounds, strange lights, handcuffs and thumb-prints, there is plenty of excitement in the play; and since all the critics are sworn to secrecy on the subject of the

dénouement, those who want to know who the Bat is, and how it all ended, must go to the St. James's to see! Miss Eva Moore makes an entrancing white-haired and resolute old maid of sixty; and Miss Drusilla Wills, as the terrified maid, Lizzie, raises many laughs over her quaint and comic remarks, which also make a clever distraction, and thus render the complicated plot even more baffling than it might have been.

The Exercise.



TO SKATE (PATINER), OR NOT TO SKATE (NE PAS PATINER)!

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).

A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" (ST. MARTIN'S).

A triumph for Meggie Albanesi. A great play—presuming an Act allowing insanity to be a valid plea for divorce.

"THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).

The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry; and excellent "support."

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"—coloured, Skeltory pirate with "scummy" oaths.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAY-HOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).

The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. "JUSTICE" (COURT).*

The first of a cycle of revivals of Galsworthy plays. A very good level of acting.

2. GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).

An interesting series of plays. The most gruesome of the quintet is "The Regiment," a drama new here, and distinctly too horrible for the average British playgoer.

3. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Second attractive version, with new scenes and dances.

[Continued opposite



HEROINE OF
"L'ATLANTIDE":
MADAME
NAPIERKOWSKA.



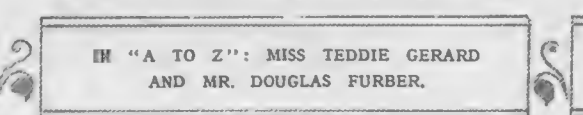
APPEARING
WITH THE
O.U.D.S.: MISS
ELIZABETH
IRVING.



OF "THE
NIGHT CAP":
MISS ANITA
ELSON.



IN "A TO Z": MISS TEDDIE GERARD
AND MR. DOUGLAS FURBER.



[Continued.]

4. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).

A Cabaret Show, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.

5. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.

6. "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).

By "Sapper." Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.

7. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.

8. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.

9. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment. New programme.

10. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).

The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.

11. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).

A picturesque swaggar adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero—with pig-tail—Miss Lillah McCarthy as the alluring Doña Sol, Miss Florence Saunders as Rosario, Mr. W. F. Grant as El Nacional. Received with much enthusiasm and likely to allow Mr. Lang to grow a real queue, as he wishes!

12. "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" (LONDON HIPPODROME).

With George Robey and Dorothy Ward.

13. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).

A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained till the end.

CINEMAS.

"L'ATLANTIDE" (COVENT GARDEN).

Pierre Benoît's book as a spectacular film drama. Madame Napierkowska as the fatal Queen, who "bronzes" her lovers.

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" (PHILHARMONIC HALL).

Causing much controversy.



GIVING A RECITAL ON FEBRUARY 21:
MISS DOROTHEA ST. HILL BOURNE.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth";

"Money Doesn't Matter"; "Cairo"; "Aladdin," at the London Palladium; "The Night Cap"; and "Me and My Diary," which precedes "Old Jig." None of these "mentions" is paid for. We do not include "The Bird of Paradise" in our list, as we have not seen the revival. *First mention in our list.

THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER: THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.



LEAVING WESTMINSTER: THE HON. MRS. GEOFFREY HOPE MORLEY (LEFT).



A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT: BARONESS BEAUMONT.



THE VICEROY OF IRELAND AND HIS WIFE: LORD AND LADY FITZALAN.



CAPTAIN OF H.M.'S FOOT GUARD: AT-ARMS: LORD FITZALAN.

The State Opening of Parliament, before what is likely to be a momentous Session, took place last week with all its picturesque pageantry. Our pages show some of the Peers and Peeresses of the Realm who gathered at Westminster for the occasion. Lady Londonderry, D.B.E., J.P., is the wife of the seventh Marquess. She is fond of long, drop ear-rings, and her diamond pair worn for the Opening of Parliament are particularly beautiful.—The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Hope Morley is the wife of Lord Hollenden's elder son, and the daughter of the first Baron Burghclere.—The Earl and Countess of Crawford have six daughters, of whom Lady Margaret Lindsay, who was born in 1902, is the eldest. Lord Crawford carried the Sword of State.—The Countess of Lytton is the wife of the second Earl of Lytton, the newly appointed Governor of Bengal.—

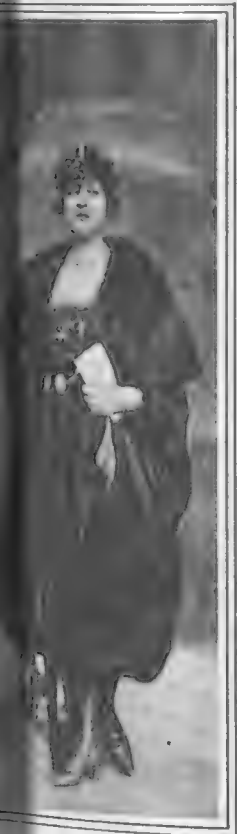
PEERS AND PEERESSES IN THEIR ROBES.



WITH THEIR ELDEST DAUGHTER, LADY MARGARET LINDSAY (RIGHT):
THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD.



THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON, WHOSE HUSBAND
CARRIED THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE.



CORPS OF GENTLEMEN-
COLEBROOKE, P.C., C.V.O.



WITH LADY BUXTON (RIGHT): EARL AND COUNTESS
BEAUCHAMP LEAVING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



A BEAUTIFUL PEERESS: THE COUNTESS
OF ANCASTER.

Baroness Beaumont, one of the peeresses who hold rank in their own right, is the wife of Captain the Hon. Bernard FitzAlan Howard, elder son of Lord Howard of Glossop.—Lord FitzAlan of Derwent is the third son of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, and was raised to the peerage last year on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is Deputy Earl Marshal of England.—Lord Colebrooke is the first Baron, and was Captain of H.M.'s Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms in 1911, in 1916, and in January 1919.—Earl Beauchamp is the seventh Earl, and was appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1913.—The Countess of Ancaster is the wife of the second Earl. She was formerly Miss Eloise Breeze, and is the sister of Lady Alastair Innes-Ker.—[Photographs by T.P.A., L.N.A., Farrington Photo. Co., C.N., and Alfieri.]



In a Little Street off Piccadilly.

When Parliament was opened this last time, one lady went to the House of Lords not wearing the usual evening dress and tiara, but in fur coat and big hat. Maybe it was a sign of the times, a passive protest against formal ceremonial and splendour. I cannot think that in this case it was for motives of economy. But, all the same, the plight of the "new poor," people of place and birth, particularly those in the most unfortunate position of all—dependence upon the land for their incomes—becomes steadily worse.

In a little street behind Piccadilly Circus is a house of single bed-rooms which before the war was occupied almost solely by restaurant waiters and clerks. Now quite a number of the rooms are rented by needy members of West-End clubs, ex-Army officers, and titled bachelors whose incomes are eaten up by taxation. At least one Peer is a permanent resident. These people come halfway downstairs to fetch their hot water for shaving. If they have lunch or dinner in their rooms, they buy their own food, and are almost apologetic when asking for it to be cooked. One of the few servants kept by the establishment says they are always pleasant-mannered and "most polite." When they arrive they are expected to haul their own bags upstairs. This, I believe, was the only procedure to which the Peer objected.

The Shabby "New Poor."

And now and again, walking along Piccadilly, you meet red-faced, open-air men, men no longer young, whose clothes are well cut but showing the first signs of shabbiness. One begins to notice them more frequently. Good fellows who know all about the land, who did their bit in the war, but are feeling the pinch very badly just now. Their attempts to do something in the City, to go into business, for the most part bring only heart-breaking experiences.

Their wives stay in the country, or settle in the suburbs. They avoid the West End. It is rare to see a woman of the real "new poor" class poorly dressed. She doesn't come out to chance being met by people who knew her in happier times. The husband, in his search for something to do, has to face that chance.

A Crush.

I was at a debate on the Landru case the other night at which the opener of the discussion, referring to the two hundred and eighty-odd women with whom the arch-Bluebeard is said officially to have had relations, made a slip of the tongue. "The actual number," he said, "is a matter of speculation and conjection." He meant, of course, "conjecture." But one admitted humorist could not allow such an opportunity to pass.

"Mr. President," he asked, "did I understand the speaker to say that the number of ladies with whom Landru had dealings was a matter of speculation and congestion?"

Not in the Grand Manner.

There are quiet smiles in a certain West End club over the naïve, not to say gauche way in which a member has apologised to a committee-man he had most tempestuously abused. The member, who had an overpowering thirst, had convinced one of the waiters that the clock, which pointed to five minutes to six, was five minutes slow, and he had a whisky-and-soda brought him. A member of the committee, passing through the room, saw the horrifying sight, and said

icily that it was a disgraceful thing to persuade a club servant to break the rules. The offending member, who did not know the committee-man, retorted with blazing phrases that ran something like "What business is it of yours, you etc. ! Go to etc. !"

The abusive one, learning who it was he had so violently addressed, fearfully sought the Secretary, asking what he could do to make amends. The secretary thought his best plan would be to write a humble letter of apology to the committee-man. He did so.

THE SQUOOK.

By S. H. SIME.

My Gargoyle
On the Gate of Tears—
Of Happy Tears in Arcadie—
Shall lonely pine through latter years
For now it is
All up with me.
These tattered skies are past repair :
And if I turned things
Inside out,
I could not
Positively
Swear
To shove this beastly weather
Out.
I thought
To obfuscate the job
By doing
What a Squook
Might do ;
The wish was never in
My Nob
To bite off more than I could chew.
Old Crab
May frolic gay
And Free,
Young Phoenix flap
His useful wings ;
My chance is parlous thin
Perdie !
Menaced
By foul obstructive
Things.
And my Fond Gargoyle on
That Gate
Must learn the Truth
That Dawns
On me—
Our Fun
Is sadly mixed
With Fate,
In Dollops of just
One
To
Three.

THIS POEM WAS SPECIALLY WRITTEN BY S. H. SIME FOR THE PICTURE BY HIMSELF WHICH IS REPRODUCED OPPOSITE.

But, according to gossip, he began his letter thuswise—

DEAR SO-AND-SO,—I am sorry indeed that I called you etc., etc., etc., and told you to etc., etc., etc.,

writing down the insulting words he had actually used. Fortunately for him, the committee-man is of a forgiving nature.

The "Pilling" Period.

In spite of the general difficulty in making ends meet, some of the more solid West End clubs are getting into their stride again in the matter of blackballing candidates for membership. At one very well-known club, which lost much of its

exclusiveness during the war, thirty names were submitted at the last ballot, and only seven candidates were elected. Two of the rejected were men with higher rank than that of K.B.E. The social "climber" and the men who want to use clubs for business advancement are getting trodden on : that certainly is something to produce as proof that the world is righting itself.

The late Charles Jerningham used to relate that the founder of White's would not allow his own father to be elected a member "because he was not born a gentleman." I don't know if that is a true tale, but there must be a regular history of mysteries about blackballing.

The Fight at the Aldwych.

The last-act struggle between the hero and the wicked baronet in the new Aldwych play, "Money Doesn't Matter," keeps the audience at fever-heat while it lasts. It is a sort of Græco-Westmorland wrestle, with a solar-plexus knock-out to wind up ; and Mr. Evan Thomas, the Bad Baronet, when he goes to the boards, might be said to show plain proof that he has studied first-hand what happened to Wells and Beckett and other prominent pugilists who have taken the count. But there was no need for him to do that, for I understand the struggle was arranged by that gallant, high-spirited, all-round sportsman, Major "Mick" Leahy, R.A.M.C., who lost a leg in the Mons retreat, but still puts on the gloves, and within the last few months has taken to riding again. He is indeed a marvel of cheerful endurance under affliction. No wonder he is a much-loved man.

Major Leahy at one time rowed for Dublin, and even now is a member of the Thames Rowing Club. He used to be first-rate across country, and though his leg was amputated at the thigh, his body-balance is so good that he can ride and control horses that want handling. As for his boxing, he was in the front rank among Army boxers before the war, and since then has turned out on benefit nights at the National Sporting Club and given lively exhibitions with other one-legged boxers who refuse to let their crippling war wounds rob them of the enjoyment of a round with the gloves on.

A "Mysterious Order."

We were talking of the Royal wedding, and somehow conversation turned to the readiness with which members of the Royal family pick out unfamiliar orders and decorations worn by people presented to them. One man mentioned that he was in Australia when the Prince of Wales made his visit. He was wearing a not too common Belgian decoration when introduced to the Prince at a public ceremony, and his Royal Highness confessed that it was one of the very few orders he found it difficult to identify. It was then that a very well-known surgeon who had joined us told this story.

"The Queen," he said, "was visiting Guy's Hospital not long after the war. Her Majesty had a word for most of the nurses, many of whom had done war service and wore medals ; and she inquired specially about services that had won exceptional distinction.

"It may have been bad light, or because she had already talked to many nurses, but her Majesty said suddenly to one young lady she stopped to address : 'I don't quite recall that medal you are wearing.'

"The nurse looked rather startled, and, indeed, blushed when she realised that what the Queen had been looking at was the metal part of a fountain-pen showing on the edge of her breast pocket."

The Squook of a Genius.



A DRAWING FOR WHICH MUSIC HAS BEEN WRITTEN: "THE SQUOOK," BY S. H. SIME.

"Sketch" readers need no introduction to the remarkable work of S. H. Sime, for many of his most famous fancies have been published in this paper. Certainly they will agree with Haldane Macfall who wrote of Sime the other day as a

supreme artist in his own line, a man of genius. "The Squook" is typical of a phase; and it is interesting to note that music has been written for it—by Josef Holbrooke, the well-known English composer of operas, songs, etc.



Tales with a sting.

THE LADY WITH THE BLUE HAT.

By HOLLOWAY HORN.

"LET me introduce my friend, Carleton Fenwick," said the fat man. "Carleton Fenwick—Mr. Braum."

Carleton Fenwick bowed, conscious that the other was watching him closely. Braum was reputed to belong to one of those new, vague nationalities; actually, like many other rogues, he had no country. Fenwick was one of the cleverest, and certainly one of the handsomest, knaves in London. The fat man who completed the party was a worthy friend of both of them; indeed, he was the only man who could have brought them together.

"I'm very pleased to meet so distinguished a man," said Braum, in a thick, oily voice. He spoke without a trace of an accent.

Fenwick smiled easily, although he knew that Mr. Braum and the fat man both knew a great deal about him which he would not have cared for the police to know.

"I have not courted fame," he said. "I am by nature modest!"

The fat man chuckled; Fenwick's quiet humour was never lost on him.

"This is, I understand, a business meeting," said Braum, still with his eyes on Fenwick.

"I gathered that you have a little commission you wish me to undertake," Fenwick replied.

"I have been assured by our friend"—Braum indicated the fat gentleman with a little bow—"that I can rely on your discretion, Mr. Fenwick. I have a client," he continued—"a very wealthy client, Mr. Fenwick. There is something he wants badly . . . something for which he is prepared to pay very handsomely."

"And which I suppose, in the ordinary course, money cannot buy," put in Fenwick.

"Precisely," said Mr. Braum. "Women, jewels . . . these money will buy; but the thing my client desires is different. You have heard of Lord Grimsdale?"

"I happen to know him," Fenwick said. "A very decent old boy." He flicked dust from his beautifully creased trousers as he was speaking.

Mr. Braum glanced nervously at the fat gentleman.

"Carleton Fenwick knows everybody," that interested listener said briefly. "I told you he was the man you wanted."

"But if Lord Grimsdale is his friend!" Mr. Braum protested. "There is honour, even . . ." he hesitated, and did not complete the sentence.

"Among thieves," Fenwick concluded for him. "That is an old-fashioned idea, Mr. Braum. We are no better than other people."

Again the fat gentleman chuckled.

The man whose nationality was vague missed the joke, but gathered from the other's manner that he need not worry.

"It concerns a picture," he said, in a relieved tone. "'The Lady with the Blue Hat,' by Gainsborough. My client desires to possess that picture. He has offered incredible sums for it, but Lord Grimsdale will

not sell. He is a stubborn old man. One can as easily argue with the side of a house!"

"He's very fond of the Gainsborough, I know. And unlike many of his class, he is in no need of money," Carleton Fenwick volunteered.

"That is the difficulty. My client is a man who has been accustomed all his life to having what he wanted. The persistent refusal of Lord Grimsdale to sell him the picture distresses him beyond measure. Unless he can obtain that picture I fear for his health!"

"Very sad—very sad indeed," murmured Fenwick. "It's just as well he didn't set his heart on the Taj Mahal or the Pyramids, isn't it?"

"You joke, Sir," asserted Braum with dignity. "It is no joking matter. My client is a man who can afford, and is willing, to pay for his fancies. Such men deserve every consideration."

"What would he pay for the Gainsborough?" Fenwick asked curtly.

"Five thousand pounds!"

"And in what time must he have the picture? I mean, what time would you give to a man who was prepared to undertake the commission?"

"Time," said the fat gentleman, "is not a nice word, Mr. Fenwick!" But this little joke, too, was lost on Mr. Braum.

"My client will pay the sum I mentioned if the picture is handed to me within a month. That is sufficient time in which to obtain it?"

"Five thousand pounds?" asked Fenwick.

"Five thousand pounds!" echoed Mr. Braum.

"Then I will accept the commission," Carleton Fenwick said. "Five thousand if you receive the picture within a month."

"It is understood, of course," Mr. Braum interposed, "that if things go wrong, no mention whatever is made of me . . . or of my client?"

"Not so much as a whisper," said Fenwick.

And once again the fat gentleman chuckled.

II.

A week later the Press of two Continents hummed with the news that Lord Grimsdale's famous Gainsborough had been stolen. There had been a dance at Grimsdale House, and the picture gallery had been used as an annexe of the ball-room. Everyone who was present was known to the host, and the disappearance of the picture was disquieting and mysterious. It had been neatly cut from its frame. The loss had been discovered before the dance was over, and a very distressing scene had been saved only by the calm dignity of Lord Grimsdale.

The Press regarded the robbery as the work of an amateur, as the picture could not possibly be sold, since it was known to every dealer and collector in the world. It was variously believed that the crime was the act of a lunatic, or of some morbidly artistic person who would keep the picture locked away to gloat over in secret.

The public was assured that Scotland Yard had the matter in hand, and with that it had to be content, for the days passed without any news of the missing masterpiece.

III.

Four weeks from the date of their first meeting Mr. Braum and Carleton Fenwick met again at the house of the fat gentleman; a select house in a most respectable street.

Mr. Braum was rubbing his hands when Fenwick entered; he positively beamed upon the newcomer.

"Very good! Very good!" he said. "But how did you do it?"

"Did I do it?" Fenwick asked.

"You have the picture? My friend here said that you had the picture!"

"I have the picture, but it is no part of my work to tell you how I obtained it. There are trade secrets, my dear Mr. Braum, which we do not divulge. What, however, does concern my work is that little matter of five thousand pounds. . . ."

"I have the money in Bank of England notes"—Mr. Braum produced a wad, with a gesture.

"And I have the picture here," Fenwick said, taking a long and thin parcel from the folds of the raincoat he was carrying over his arm. He undid the string which was around the package and removed the paper, revealing a carefully rolled canvas. . . . Both Braum and the fat gentleman craned forward eagerly.

"Beautiful!" Mr. Braum said, as Fenwick unrolled the picture. "Beautiful!" he repeated. "Is she not lovely, Mr. Fenwick? Were there ever such blues? The modern painters . . . pah! Painting is a lost art."

"It certainly is a very lovely picture," said the fat gentleman; "but I do not share your views on modern art, Mr. Braum."

"Nor I," said Fenwick. "But each to his taste, as the French say!"

The wad of notes was handed over and carefully counted by Fenwick.

"If you have any further little commission?" he hazarded.

"Not at the moment," said Mr. Braum.

IV.

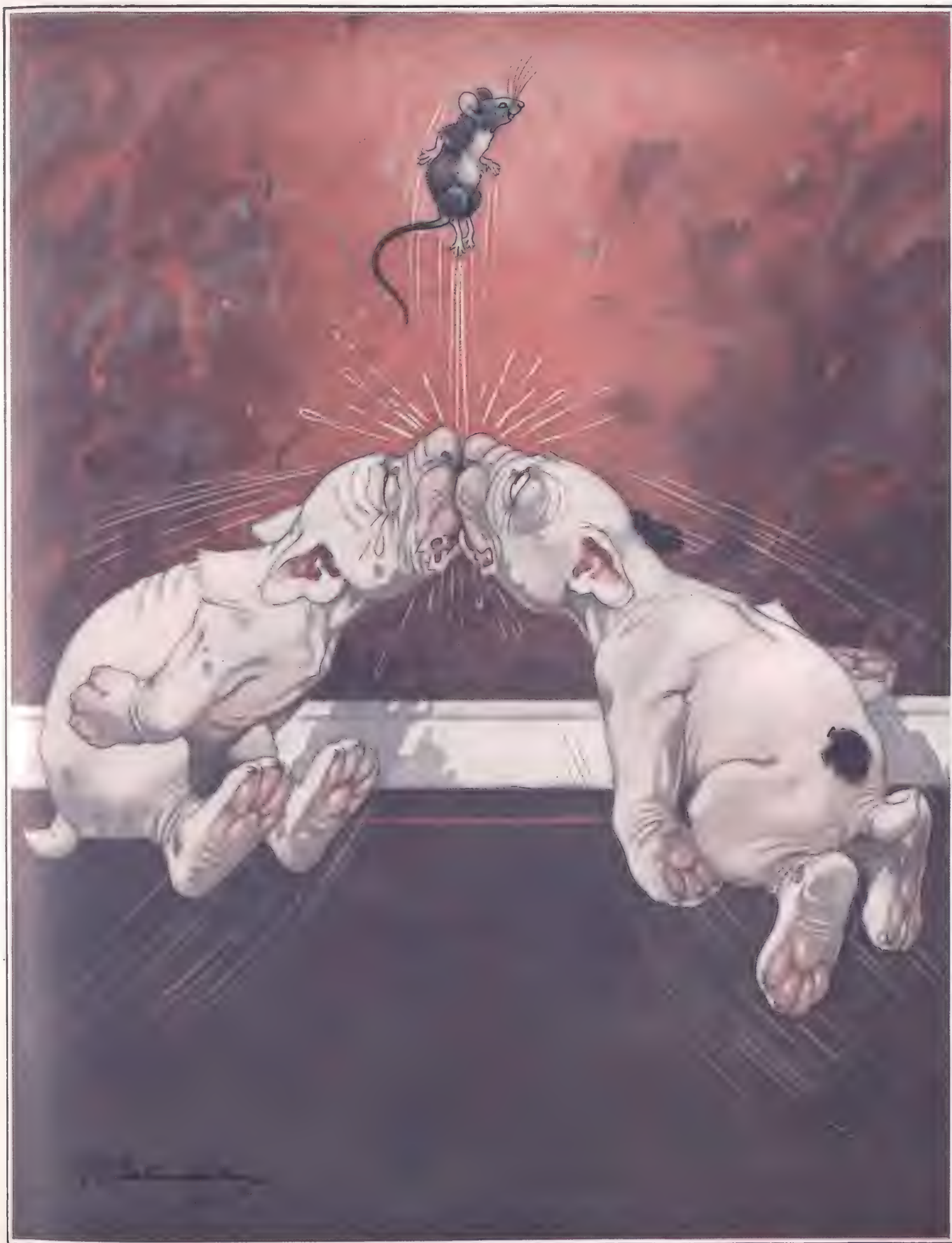
As Carleton Fenwick had said, he did not share Mr. Braum's views on modern artists. He had many friends in Chelsea, and it was to the studio of one of them that he went when he left the fat gentleman's house. Not only was this painter very modern (he belonged to the very latest "ism"), but he was one of the cleverest men in London in faking pictures. Indeed, he made more money out of copying Old Masters than out of those hare-brained modern works of his. He had recently executed a little commission for Carleton Fenwick, and as a result one-fifth of the sum Mr. Braum had paid was handed over to him.

When the fat gentleman read in the paper that the lost Gainsborough had been returned to Lord Grimsdale by registered post, he was, for a minute or so, puzzled.

Then he laughed.

THE END.

This Week's Studdy.



MISSED !

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

Stars of the Silent Stage: No. I.



FEATURED IN "THE PLAYTHING OF BROADWAY": MISS JUSTINE JOHNSTONE.

Miss Justine Johnstone is one of the famous beauties of film-land, and has achieved a great success in her latest Gaumont picture, "The Plaything of Broadway," which will shortly be seen in this country.

Miss Justine Johnstone is, in private life, Mrs. Walter Wanger, the wife of Mr. Walter Wanger, who presented both "The Three Musketeers" and "The Glorious Adventure" at Covent Garden.

Stars of the Silent Stage: No. II.



OF FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION: MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN.

Mildred Harris Chaplin is a film artist whose rise has been phenomenally swift. Her first big super-special film, "The Woman in His House," was called one of the big five on the First National programme of last year. Within the last few years she has appeared exclusively as a First National Attraction, and her entire output is being handled by

the Bird Film Company. It is expected that by the time her new film, "The Woman in His House" appears, she will be in England, as she intends to tour the country in order to supervise the presentation of her films. It will be remembered that Mildred Harris Chaplin was formerly the wife of Charlie Chaplin.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

STARS OF THE SILENT STAGE: NO. III.





FEATURED IN "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE": MISS ELSIE FERGUSON.

Miss Elsie Ferguson, who is featured in the screen version of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock's "Sacred and Profane Love," is a famous American stage actress, and a popular screen star who has appeared only in Paramount pictures. Her first screen success was won in "Barbary Sheep"; and "The Avalanche," "A Society Exile," "The

Witness for the Defence," "Counterfeit," "Lady Rosé's Daughter," and "His House in Order" are among her recent important films. Miss Elsie Ferguson is, in private life, Mrs. Thomas Clarke, the wife of Mr. Thomas Clarke, a well-known American bank president.

Stars of the Silent Stage: No. IV.



NEW MOTION-PICTURE STAR; O. HENRY "FAN"; AND AUTHOR: MISS ALICE CALHOUN.

Miss Alice Calhoun is the new motion-picture star who will be featured in Vitagraph's "The Dress of Destiny." Her elevation to stardom is due to the public, for after her first appearance in a Vitagraph film, hundreds of letters reached the offices of the company asking when she would be featured in a film. This general request is to be answered by "The Dress

of Destiny," in which Miss Alice Calhoun is the star. She has previously been seen in support of Corinne Griffith, and played leading woman for Harry Williams in "The Sea Rider." She made her first film appearance in an O. Henry play, "The Dream." She is an ardent O. Henry "fan," and has written several short stories herself.

Stars of the Silent Stage: No. V.



TO BE FEATURED IN "MERELY MARY ANN": MISS SHIRLEY MASON.

Miss Shirley Mason, the nineteen-year-old Fox film star who made such a success as the little circus girl in "Her Elephant Man," will shortly be seen in "Merely Mary Ann," the picture version of Israel Zangwill's well-known novel and stage success. The film will be released about the middle of March, and it is said that

the part of the little "slavey" is one which shows off Miss Mason's vivacious charm to perfection. Miss Mason made her first professional appearance at the age of four. She is devoted to animals, and is specially interested in a hospital for dogs and cats, which she helped to found.

**THE ROGUE.**

FROM THE PAINTING BY LIONEL EDWARDS.



GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

**The Flight from Leicestershire.**

The outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease is a tragedy for the hunting world. The stoppage of the sport in Leicestershire will mean a great loss to Melton tradespeople, as the majority of hunting visitors are returning home till it is resumed. Major and Mrs. Harrison have left, and Mrs. Mynors and Lady Ursula Grosvenor have gone to Cheshire, though, of course, hunting is equally out of the question there.

Last Notes from the Cottesmore.

There was a big field when hounds met at Oakham. Lady Ancaster was out again, also Lord Dalmeny, Major Burns Hartopp, Miss Burns Hartopp, Miss Langdale, Mr. "Tommy" Graves, and many more. Mr. Victor Gilpin has now returned to Newmarket; his cheery presence will be missed by more than one person in Melton. He is, however, hoping to get back for a week end before the close of the season—if we do start "business" again! A large contingent from Melton also attended the meet, though the majority were on foot. I saw the Wardells, Mrs. Jack Harrison, Mr. Oliver Birkbeck (who hunts a good deal with the West Norfolk) and Mr. Harry Cottrill. An unlabelled kicker caused some excitement, and Captain Baird, the Master, had to request its rider to remove it to a really safe distance, otherwise considerable damage might have been done to horses and hounds.

The Belvoir.

The Belvoir were only able to have a short day when they met at Dunsby, the fog being very bad. Foxes were plentiful in Dunsby and Keisby Woods, and hounds were backwards and forwards between the two coverts for nearly two hours before forcing one of the tenants away to Aslackby Wood. These hounds also met at Saxby a short time ago, when they had the best run of the season. They drew their first covert blank; hounds were then withdrawn to some distance away, and a fox was presently bolted by the terrier; then followed a wonderful gallop into the Cottesmore country to Ranksborough Gorse.

It was during this run that Major Brocklehurst came to grief and broke his collar-bone. Others out included Lord and Lady Worsley, Captain and Mrs. Higson, Sir Oswald Mosley, Captain Morton, Captain Sherrard, Mr. Victor Gilpin, and Miss Prothero. Mrs. Gretton followed in a pony cart with Miss Portman, whilst Lady Robert Manners was on foot.

Last Notes from Beaufortshire.

There has been a screaming scent since all this rain. Lord Worcester brought off "some" hunt the day after the Cricklade Hunt Ball at Cirencester, which was generously patronised from this country, the field at

Salutation Gate being even larger than usual, thanks to this overlapping and the mustering of house parties for the occasion. It was a bit strenuous for the all-night-outers, and they tailed off in every mile of the dozen covered, like the little pigs that went to market, till only about four out of four hundred heard the final "Who-whoop!" Well, well; it was a gay tune to ride off the "fizz" to.

Lord Apsley, who takes odd days with the neighbouring pack, was out; and pretty Miss Benson, who had stayed with the Bathursts for the Ball. Major Geoff Phipps-Hornby, who pops up and down from the Blackmore Vale, riding some of Jerry Rohan's good-lookers, dropped in for this good day, and a bright and busy Monday to boot.

Not a Lucky Day for the Ladies.

The Duchess of Beaufort had a spill on Monday, and so had Mrs. Cyril Ward, Mrs. Hankey, and Mrs. Horn, so it was not a lucky day for the

Still Dancing.

Lord Ednam and the Hon. Roddy Ward are staying at Lyegrove, where the Hon. Mrs. Capel, Lord Ribblesdale's youngest—and twice-widowed—daughter is in residence again. She gave a most successful dance the other night, and the Hon. Mrs. Eric Long had one at Rood Ashton on Saturday. So we are quite gay, though the "Christmas party" period might be supposed to be waning! On the Wednesday, hounds made a seven-mile point, and on Friday Lord Worcester did the trick again, with a stupendous run from Great Wood, into the Cricklade big woods, and then away through Lord Bathurst's dominions almost to Charlton. Lord Worcester, Captain Shedden, and Captain Darcy Harris assailed the flooded and unjumpable Brinkworth brook at a most uninviting spot, and got across, after a rough passage, their horses slipping back into the stream from the further bank, but after giving them a ducking, "carrying on." The less valiant turned for an easier, though girth-deep ford, or the nearest bridge. Still, as hounds romped along to Webb's Wood in less than twenty minutes, it was a "glorious adventure" all right.

Final Meets of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds.

These hounds had a very nice day on the Wednesday. The meet was on Bowden Moor; a grand sunny day; they found immediately in the Abbotsford Woods, and ran right up on to the top of the Eildon Hills, but luckily did not linger there long, and later on in the day had a very nice hunt from above Midlem right over to Ancrum, over some of the nicest country and lots of jumping. Mrs. Robertson of

Templeknowe was going very strong. She is quite one of the best riders here, and looks extremely well on a horse. Just now she is riding a very nice grey, and is always in the first flight. Her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Paton, is another of the same kind; she rides astride and is so well turned out, and one of the very few who do look nice astride. A lot of the usual crowd were out, including the three Colonels from the St. Boswells district—Colonel Dunlop, Colonel King, and Colonel Du Pre—and quite a lot of Melrose people on their feet, hoping the hounds would stay on the hills, but luckily they were disappointed! Mrs. Eckford was driving her pony and saw quite a lot of the fun, and the country was looking quite lovely.

Thursday was a poor day. The meet was at Crailing, where Major Paton lives. He is a Crimean veteran—ninety years old—and he still fishes for salmon. It is only within this last year that he has given up wading, and he was a familiar sight standing up to his middle in the Teviot.



THE ERIDGE MEET AT LORD CAMDEN'S SEAT: AN INTERESTING GROUP ON THE STEPS OF BAYNHAM ABBEY.

The names in this photograph, reading from left to right, are: Lady Irene Pratt (elder daughter of Lord Camden), Lord Brecknock (elder son of Lord Camden), Lady Hastings, Lord Roderick Pratt (younger son of Lord Camden), Lady Henry Nevill, Lord Henry Nevill (Master of the Eridge and father of Lady Camden), the Marquess of Camden, Lady Fiona Pratt (younger daughter of Lord Camden), and, behind, Lady Brecknock (the wife of Lord Brecknock, and daughter of Colonel A. G. Jenkins, of Wherwell Priory, Andover).

ladies; but there were no serious damages. Mrs. Giffard is, however, on the casualty list, with a cracked bone in her shoulder, and has gone to town for further advice; whilst Mrs. Hasler, of Newton House, has had a smash over timber, dislocating her collar-bone, but is going on well. Colonel Carrington, who was laid up all the early part of the season, has been hunting again, and everyone was glad to see him going as strong as ever.

Lady St. Germans, who has been hunting from Badminton for the last three or four weeks, has returned to Cornwall. Lady Mainwaring is back at Seagry, and has been hunting a lot. Colonel and Mrs. Malise Graham also keep their horses at Seagry, motoring to and fro (he is an instructor at the Cavalry School). Miss Hecksher, the heiress from Philadelphia, who has been hunting from the Bell at Malmesbury, has returned to the States. Captain "Boysey" Codrington and his bride have been hunting from Tormarton.

A Christening, a New Duchess, and an Engagement.



THE CHRISTENING OF MAJOR HENRY AND LADY MOIRA COMBE'S BABY GIRL: MRS. DUNVILLE, MAJOR COMBE, LADY JANE COMBE, MAJOR HENRY COMBE, NURSE AND BABY, LADY MOIRA COMBE, THE HON. MRS. WILFRID EGERTON, THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL AND LADY SHEILA SCOTT.



ENGAGED TO MR. A. BALDWIN RAPER, M.P.:
THE MARCHIONESS CONYNTHAM.

The christening of the infant daughter of Major Henry and Lady Moira Combe took place at Holy Trinity, Windsor. The child received the names of Audrey Moulie Estella, and its paternal grandmother, Lady Jane Combe, the Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Egerton, and Colonel Lord Tweedmouth were the godparents. Lady Moira is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell. Lady Sheila Scott is her sister.—



THE NEW DUCHESS OF LEINSTER: FORMERLY
MISS MAY ETHERIDGE.

Marchioness Conyngham is the daughter of the late Mr. William Andrew Tobin, of Australia. She obtained a divorce from Lord Conyngham last year, and is engaged to Mr. A. Baldwin Raper, M.P.—The death of the sixth Duke of Leinster took place last week, and the title has now devolved on his brother, formerly Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The new Duke married Miss May Etheridge, and has a son, Gerald.



Sisters
and Brides-Elect
of This Year.



1. TO MARRY
VISCOUNT TAMWORTH :
MISS HERMIONE MORLEY.
2. ENGAGED TO MR. ERIC
HUSSEY : MISS CHRISTINE
MORLEY.

Miss Hermione and Miss Christine Morley are the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. Noel Morley, of Lynchwood, Worplesdon Hill, Surrey. Miss Hermione Morley is the elder of the two sisters. Her engagement to Viscount Tamworth, elder son of Earl and Countess Ferrers, has just been announced, and the marriage will take place in India in April. Miss

Christine Morley, the younger sister, is engaged to Mr. Eric R. J. Hussey, Soudan Government, the well-known Oxford University athlete, and son of the late Rev. James Hussey, M.A. (Oxon.), and of Mrs. Hussey, of Asheldon, Torquay. The marriage will take place in July, and the young couple will live in Egypt.

The Lights of Paris.



Oh, Crikey,
Criqui!

Five le Sport! We have been watching one kind of sport and another kind, and getting excited about our champions. We have champions of fencing and of boxing and of beauty. First it is M. Gaudin who provokes our enthusiasm, and then it is Criqui—or, as I heard an English admirer call him, Crikey!—and then again it is Mlle. Van Hove, the Queen of the Second Arrondissement, or some other of her sister-Queens. The balance of things is happily preserved. Skill and physical force and grace are each applauded in turn. One has the impression that life in Paris is many-sided, and that it is continually revolving.

Fencing to
the Fore.

In the art of wielding the *fleuret* France is still supreme. The triumph of M. Gaudin over his Italian adversary Aldo Nadi consecrates him as probably the finest fencer in the world. What beautiful play of the wrist, the thin blade flashing like a snake! What steadiness as he withstood the furious assaults of his fiery antagonist! The company that was around the stage at the Cirque was certainly one of the most representative assemblies that could have been got together. All the well-known figures were to be seen—those of artists and soldiers, of statesmen and actors, of writers and leaders of fashion. It may truly be said that *l'escrime* has once more come into its own. It is a noble, dignified exercise in dexterity, and deserved its aforetime popularity—which it is now recovering. It requires, of course, a great knowledge of the game to appreciate the finer points, and it is to be remarked that the judges themselves were generally unable to say definitely whether a touch had been scored or not. The winner officially obtained twenty hits, but there were probably a hundred doubtful hits. There must necessarily, therefore, be something arbitrary about the results of such matches.

Aimé and
Douglas.

Still, it is a capital sport, in which France excels traditionally. Think of the exploits of swordsmanship of the guards of Louis XIII. and of the Cardinal Richelieu as related by Dumas, and as lately demonstrated—with even greater exaggeration—by M. Aimé Simon-Girard and Douglas Fairbanks, who have made rival versions of "Les Trois Mousquetaires." We are hotly discussing whether America had any moral right to try to reproduce French scenes and the immense episodes of the ancient swordsmen. There has probably never been so much dispute about a cinema film as about these two.

Beauty Watches
"La Boxe."

It is a long time since boxing began its attack on fencing, but there is surely plenty of room for both. A few evenings later we had the Criqui-Ledoux combat. Under the blue, garish light women certainly do not look at their best. But they are attending these boxing contests in considerable numbers. They do not put on their best robes. They are not in their *grande toilette*. But they are dainty and *chic*, and strike a gay note in these entertainments that are only now becoming—in spite of Carpentier—

really respectable in France. Criqui is not good-looking, as is the heavier hero of the ring, but he nevertheless is enjoying almost the same amount of petting and spoiling as did Carpentier before him. He is probably the successor of the famous exponent of *la boxe* as public favourite—and as 'ladies' man.

Choosing Les
Reines.

But let us turn from these ruder subjects to the subject of the Reines de Beauté. All over Paris there are now being selected girls who will at the fêtes of Mi-Carême represent the charm of French femininity. If I have mentioned one particular queen it is



GIVING A CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL ON THURSDAY, THE 16TH: CHALIAPINE, THE FAMOUS SINGER, AS DON BASILIO—AN UNUSUAL MAKE-UP.

Chaliapine, the famous Russian singer, has now returned to London, and is giving a concert at the Albert Hall on Thursday next, February 16, assisted by Isolde Menges and H. L. Balfour. Our photograph shows him in the character of Don Basilio, the Priest, in Rossini's opera, "The Barber of Seville," in an unusual make-up.

because I happened to be specially interested in this election. But there are a score of one-day sovereigns who will reign each in her *arrondissement*, and there has yet to be found the "Reine des Reines." It is a pretty idea—that of rendering homage to the fair sex in public ceremony. The chosen Queen—and Queens—are truly given royal honours. The Queen is received at the Elysée by the President—M. Millerand—as a visiting monarch.

Blonde v.
Brunette.

Once more I observe that the dark beauties predominate. The blondes and the brunettes are in perpetual strife—and, indeed, I have known complexions that change in accordance with the dictates of the season's

caprice. But although the blondes, as they are rarer, are reckoned exceedingly attractive, the brunettes are, after all, the prevailing type in France. It is like the battle of the Blues each year—the Dark Blue versus the Light Blue. Sometimes Oxford triumphs, and sometimes Cambridge. But it is seldom that the blondes obtain a victory on points. On points this year it looks as though the brunettes will again win. But points will not matter if only the "Reine des Reines" is a blonde beauty.

Signs of
Spring.

Spring is coming. I do not commit myself to this assertion without due thought. I can produce my evidence. My evidence (which puts to scorn all that can be urged to the contrary, such as the storms in the Channel, which are making visits to England for me, and for you visits to France, so unpleasant) is that one by one the fashion houses are "opening." Many of them, if not most of them, will be "open" by the time these lines appear. When I say opening, I mean, of course, that the exhibition of spring models is now beginning. In the sumptuous salons of the principal dressmakers there are eager crowds. The *mannequins*, with that stately walk that they alone know in such perfection, are passing to and fro. In these show-rooms there are more titles to the square yard than can be found anywhere else.

Odds and Ends.

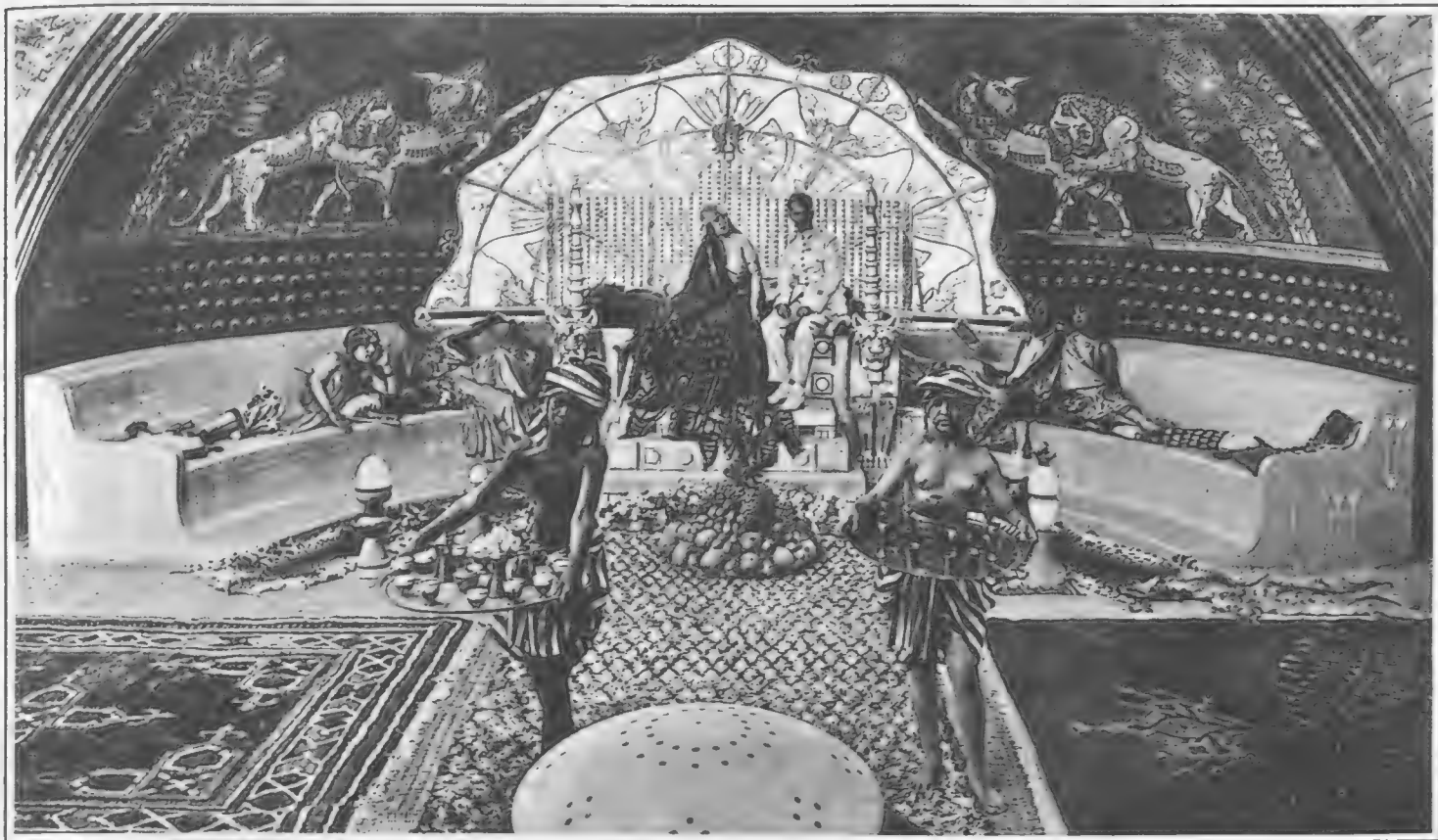
And what have the dressmakers to show? Madame tells me that the most notable change this spring is that there is no change. What has been worn will still be worn. The line is not altered, the length is not altered, and the material is not altered. But there are, of course, many things to record about the accessories. It is in the little decorative odds and ends that variety is to be sought. Beads and other ornamentation have already had much vogue, but it appears that they are to have still more. The belts are heavily loaded with all sorts of objects. They are sometimes rich with jewels, and sometimes are composed of painted wood, of shells, of shining glass-work. They are sometimes worked in flowers—enormous exotic flowers; flowers such as never were on land or sea. Then there is bright-coloured straw, and, generally, anything that can possibly be applied to trimming purposes will be applied. The Dantons of the dress world are exclaiming with loud unanimity: "Ornements! Encore des ornements! Toujours des ornements!"

Welcome to
White.

Madame also informs me—and I write as she dictates—that in colour, white is the chief feature. If that sounds like an Irish bull it is not my fault—I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. For evening wear women will put on the white robe of a (presumably) blameless life. For many other purposes—notably sport—there is no doubt about the welcome that white is having.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Bronzing the Boys! The "Lost" Lovers of "L'Atlantide."



IN THE PALACE OF QUEEN ANTINEA: MME. NAPIERKOWSKA IN THE LEADING RÔLE OF THE FILM VERSION OF "L'ATLANTIDE."



IN THE HALL OF THE BRONZED LOVERS: THE FRENCH EXPLORERS RECOGNISE FRIENDS IN THE STATUES.

M. Pierre Benoit's remarkable book, "L'Atlantide," has made a magnificent Aubert film, and was presented on Sunday, at Covent Garden, with Mme. Napierkowska, the famous Polish film star, in the leading rôle. The book deals with the adventures of two French explorers who find themselves in a strange oasis, ruled over by Queen Antinea. When tired of her lovers, she transmutes them into bronze statues by means of a galvanic bath, and when the Frenchmen see her gallery of

"sculpture" they recognise famous "lost" explorers. The discovery does not break the spell which the beauty of Antinea casts over them. One kills the other for love of her; but the survivor succeeds in making his escape. We regret our frivolity in the head-line describing this fine film—"Sketch" readers are, however, spared something! We do not come from "the other side," or we might have called the page, "Gilding the Ginks," or "Galvanising the Guys!"

Through a Glass Lightly.



Oh, Lord Helpuss!

He was the sort of fellow who strolled into the club at odd hours and told you either where he was dining last night or where he was going to dine to-night. And it was always with some very important person. Baronets and meagre things like that never entered his vision. It was invariably a lord at least, and occasionally an earl, a marquess, or even a duke. A few days ago, he came into the smoke-room and said: "Remarkable incident last night. D'you know I was dining at Lord Helpuss' last night." A pause that spoke boredom. So he carried, on: "Yes, last night, as I said before, I was dining at Lord Helpuss'. Very nice dinner in its way and all that; but d'you know—er—most remarkable thing, I think—d'you know—would you believe it?—there was no fish!" The remarkable incident went unnoticed for a few seconds, until the club cynic, turning over the pages of a magazine, said: "Nothing very remarkable about that. Perhaps they had eaten it all upstairs."

The little Boy Scout, with quite a lot of medals and orders to his credit, was asked what kind action he had done during the day. "Well, teacher," he said in a voice toned with true gallantry, "well, teacher, I seen a fly on the window pane this morning, and I didn't kill it."

It is now long enough after the late—and great—war, to say that married men have better halves and bachelors have better quarters.

Politics is a game played with national questions. The chief point about the game is that the "dealing" with a question counts less than the "shuffling" of it.

Particular Baptists.

A Welshman was being tried at the Petty Sessions on the charge of stealing a pair of elastic-sided boots. He

put up a fairly good defence because his name was John Jones. The Judge summed up—as they do in Wales—and left it to the jury, consisting mostly of Baptists, to which persuasion John Jones belonged. After an hour's retirement the jury returned to court, and the foreman announced: "We are unanimously in favour of a verdict of not guilty, but we would like to add a rider." The Judge pointed out that in a verdict of

that kind there was no call for a rider; the verdict was absolute. But the foreman insisted that the jury wished to add a rider. "Oh, well," said the Judge impatiently, "what is the rider?" And the foreman explained: "Well, your Honour's Worship, we have come to the conclusion that John Jones is not guilty; but the rider we want to add is that Thomas Thomas stole 'em."

Generally, a man of good morals has exceptionally bad manners. Nevertheless, girls, beware the man of excellent manners.

The Finish.

The country chairman in the village hall miles from the station began his speech, introducing the lecturer on "Manners and Customs of the Labouring Classes," at 8.30 p.m. One hour later the chairman concluded his speech, with a sort of anti-climactical peroration, in these few words: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will call upon Dr. Knowsit to give us his address." Dr. Knowsit rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, my address is 1122 Whitehall Road, Shepherd's Bush. Telephone: Bush 1122."

More Pro-hic-ition.

Just to show you what kind of a place America is, under Prohibition, here's a true one. A representative of a large and influential firm was being sent to Europe on his first out-of-the-country commission. To celebrate the event, a party was held at an up-town restaurant. All that could be had—and it can—was had, and the representative was bundled into his state-room utterly unconscious of any fact in the world except that it was a good party. Some hours later he awoke. Wherever he was, there was something wrong. A strange, mysterious, quivering throb seemed to agitate the whole "household." He peered through a funny-looking window that might have been a giant's monocle. The sight shocked him more than the throbbing. Then he espied a telephone beside his bunk. He spoke into it: "Say, there; hello! Who are you? What d'yer mean—'Steward'? Don't know you. What I want to know is, where am I?" From the other end he was told that he was on the *Gigantic*. Before falling back to sleep he spoke again into the 'phone: "Thash all ver' well. Point izsh, I'm an American, an' I want to know what'sh the idea of all thish water?"

The Small Still Voice.

The irascible, red-faced Colonel shouted at the club waiter, who came running simpering up with an obsequious "Yessir." "Do you call this butter?" bellowed the Colonel. "Well, Sir, speakin' for meself, Sir," mumbled the nervous waiter, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that; but the girl in the still-room says it is."

We are now beginning to understand why so many actors are leaving what is known as the "legit." drama for what is known as the "fillums." On the screen they have to act without audiences.

I was standing, last week, by Victoria. Outside some large shopping emporia. 'Twas the last day of "Sales." And to see those females—My word! What a phantasmagoria! SPFX.



THE CHARMING WIFE OF SIR ALFRED CALLAGHAN: LADY CALLAGHAN.

Lady Callaghan is the wife of Sir Alfred Callaghan, LL.D., and the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Knighton Warren. She has just returned from Ireland, where she has been doing some useful work.

Photograph by Alex Corbell.



ENGAGED TO MARCHIONESS CONYNHAM: MR. A. BALDWIN RAPER, M.P.

Mr. A. Baldwin Raper, M.P., of 12, Park Lane, is engaged to Marchioness Conyngham, whose portrait we publish on another page. Mr. Raper is a Coalition Unionist, and has represented East Islington since 1918. He is 33, and is a partner in the firm of C. Peto Bennett, timber merchants, of London and Liverpool.—[Photograph by Histed.]



LORD LASCELLES' WEDDING GIFT FROM THE DONCASTER RACE COMMITTEE: FIVE SILVER STATUETTES REPRESENTING TYPES OF THE BRITISH GRENADEIER GUARDS IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM—1660; 1745; 1792; 1815; AND 1914.

The Doncaster Race Committee are presenting Viscount Lascelles with five silver statuettes of Grenadier Guardsmen of different periods in full-dress uniform, on the occasion of his marriage to Princess Mary. Lord Lascelles served with this famous regiment with great distinction during the war.

Photograph by L.N.A.

Brighten·ing the Troc.



THE LADY CONDUCTOR OF AN ORCHESTRA OF MEN: MISS BRIGHTEN.

Mr. and Miss Brighton, who are now appearing at the Trocadero Grill Room, are providing a most original entertainment there. Miss Brighton is the first lady to conduct an all-men orchestra in London. She is also a very good violinist, and, with Mr. Brighton, gives a number of turns, which include a xylophone duet (for which the pair wear their native Dutch costume) and a dance with him, during which the rhythm of their feet striking the beats "conducts" the orchestra.

While Miss Brighton is conducting, Mr. Brighton plays the first violin, varying this with performances on the trombone, banjo, cornet, trumpet, flute harmonium, bell organ, saxophone, and one-stringed violin! This remarkable pair have been drawing all Amsterdam to the biggest café-restaurant in that city. They both studied at the Amsterdam Conservatoire; and Miss Brighton made her début at the age of twelve, and Mr. Brighton his at the age of fourteen.—[Photograph by Vandyk, Ltd.]

Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.



Olympia Enlarges Itself.

Hardly had the inexorable presses swallowed my last contribution before there came from the Free State of Glasgow the news of a cryptic speech by Sir Alfred Mays-Smith, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who, incidentally, intend to have a night out next month in honour of his knighthood and to entertain their popular and successful chief to a banquet. It was at the Scottish annual banquet that he released half of an open secret—that it is hoped this year to gather the whole of the industry, including the recalcitrant outlaws of the White City, under one self-sufficient roof and re-establish the painful post-war principle, in these days of Democracy (with a capital "D"), of equality, if not fraternity. What "Maisie" said, as Henry James once wrote, stopped coyly at this excitative point, each man knowing, but being pledged not to tell his brother—under a pint! Next in the way of revelation came an Olympic pronouncement from the wilds of West Kensington (W.14), to the effect that "Maisie" spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—as usual—and that the building in question was dear old Olympia itself, which has at last been persuaded to blow itself out some 33 per cent. When it is finished, as 'tis hoped by this fast-approaching autumn, it will mean a total area of over 300,000 square feet, which sounds all right, anyhow. This floor-space, it is calculated by Mr. "Woodbine" and the other statisticians of the automobile industry, should prove sufficient to contain all the firms which are still firm and approximately solvent by the first week in November next. So far, so good, and it will feel like home again; and I, for one, without wishing to raise personal issues, will be jolly glad not to have to dig out of the super-heated murkiness of Olympia and, like that silly young ass in "Excelsior," face fog and ice in a greedy taxi—only to be landed on the Antarctic front of the White City. It spells either influenza or bronchitis—with an occasional dash of pneumonia. But there still remains the psychological question of whether this Olympic act of grace and self-inflation be a case of *post hoc* or *propter hoc* in view of Mr. Charlie Cochran's new big exhibition hall "somewhere in London." Such a thing cannot but put the wind up established concerns with heavy capital and

ginger them to greater activity, and it will, to my mind, pay Olympia to get on to the job quick, and book the S.M.M.T. years ahead at inflated prices, like one or two popular comedians we wot of. On authority, which is not so bad, I am given to understand that possibly I was not a million miles out when I drew a bow at a venture and suggested that Devonshire House might be a convenient spot. Wait and . . .

The Auto-Housing Question.

One of the urgent questions of the hour in automobilism is that of garage accommodation in the London area. It is not only urgent for those who motor up to the great city, but for those who dwell within its walls. At the present rent of flats you cannot afford to garage your

space not too far from town. It is going to hamper the future of motoring greatly unless some far-seeing philanthropist tackle the problem seriously and in the right way. A car without a roof over its head is a bit of a white elephant; and it is beginning to look as though before long, if nothing be done, your car's accommodation will cost more than your own.

Pot-Holes and Hangers.

Last Sabbath I had what in these days I consider an ideal day's motoring—a hundred and fifty miles in a landaulet upon a clear, crisp day with the snow on the ground, making everything look like one of

the early Christmas numbers of *The Illustrated London News*, with all that wonderful driving light which the snow gives, prolonging so-called daylight beyond its winter-time limit. The object was simply to lunch with a very old friend, seventy or eighty miles away, and to take over another very old friend; and that is just where the real serendipity of the automobile comes in—the happy meetings and the keeping in touch with friends and things in comfort and without inconvenience. The car was the latest six-cylinder Fiat, of which I can say no more than that we practically never changed from top the whole time and forgot all about the car, which is the finest compliment you can pay any auto, as I have found out from a quarter of a century's very mixed and somewhat lurid experience; and we



A FILM THRILL IN THE MAKING: CHARLES HUTCHISON LEAPS OVER A RAILWAY TRAIN ON A MOTOR-CYCLE.

This remarkable photograph shows the making of a Pathé film thrill, for it pictures Charles Hutchison, the well-known "stunt" actor, taking a flying leap on a motor-cycle and clearing a train, in order to provide one of the incidents in the latest Pathé cinema serial, "Hurricane Hutch."

Rolls or your Napier in the bath-room, or even to put your 5-h.p. Baby Citroen to bed in the ever-empty bassinette, and it is comforting to find the "A.A." and other folk waking up to this very practical fact. The "A.A." has just made a complete inspection of fifty garages within a five-mile radius of Charing Cross, and will supply members with full details upon application; and the British Motor Trade Corporation has wisely adapted its premises in Cambridge Street (W.) to provide bed and breakfast for autos afraid to go home in the dark. I am sure that at the present moment it would pay many other folk to go and do likewise. Things are getting into an awful tangle, and the best thing to do, if you be garageless, is to sell your house or get a premium upon your flat and sleep out in your car in the Park, or some open

averaged just upon thirty miles an hour both ways across country. Only one thing was vile—not the car, believe me, but the roads! We are being taxed practically out of existence automobiliously for the upkeep of the roads; and I can honestly say that the cross-country roads from Brighton into Berks are just about the pot-holed limit of bumposity—nearly as bad as the Chemin des Dames just after the war and over four years of incessant shelling forty-eight hours a day. I did the same journey last November in the dark in another car and blamed the springing. I now apologise to that other car in fourteen different positions. Somebody's head has got to be chopped off, as they told Carolus Rex I. Are we ever again going to get anything for the money torn off us on every side at once?

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The Corner Shelf.

Light Articles Only.

Almost the heaviest form of literary baggage—the sort that you really oughtn't to put up in the rack overhead in case it brings the whole thing down—is what they gruesomely miscall the Light Novel. Our average performers can bring off the Novel with a Purpose and the Novel of Disillusionment. But very, very rarely indeed do they manage to manipulate into a successful compound the subtle and volatile ingredients which go to the making of a Light Novel.

Things Seen.

And no wonder. Because it isn't easy. The happy author who sits down to write a farce for the stage can rely on the irresistible funniness of his visual effects. An old gentleman tripping over the corner of a hearthrug is a thoroughly funny thing to see. But it is not (as you will observe if you step back a line or two) a particularly funny thing to read about. The cold fact in colder print stirs in you no responsive chord of laughter. If a smile is

to be let into the morose profile of his reader, the novelist has got to sit down with a large table, a good deal of paper, and his imagination, and lavish a hard morning's work on the scene. That is why so few novelists are millionaires.

Soufflé.

And few enough of them, in all conscience, have ever brought off the *soufflé* novel of pure fun. All of them people of the first or firstish order. Mr. Wells has done it in "Bealby," and in the farcical passages of "Kipps." Mr. Arnold Bennett brought it supremely off in "The Card." And got just outside the target in "The Regent." Mr. Belloc, with a queer undertone of political and social irony, can manage it sometimes. But it is a rare enough accomplishment.

"Volcano."

That is why one advances politely towards Mr. Ralph Straus to offer him congratulations on "Volcano." When one observed the sub-title—"a Frolic"—one's heart sank with the recollection of ancient failures (by other people, be it said) in the same vein. Here, one feared with that empty feeling, was another of those stories of wild farce which had convulsed the author and the author's wife (it

had to, poor dear), and the author's wife's friend, when he read it to them after lunch that Sunday.

A Quiet World.

But no. It is a light book, lightly conceived, but ever (and this is the secret of success), oh ever so carefully written. Set on the solemn stage of a Midland spa, with its Right People and its Wrong People, and its fine shades of public opinion, Mr. Straus' little story prances delightfully to its end. And although the attitudes which their creator makes them strike are the attitudes of farce, the people in it are real people. Mr. Straus has a depressingly accurate knowledge of the realities of charitable work, and a dreadful vision of the weaknesses of District Visitors, which serves him (and his reader) admirably.

Mr. Straus and Success.

Never obtrusive of himself, he is always delightfully present at his impish scenes. Once even—when his sardonic old gentleman is revealed in possession of the Baskerville Horace—one seems to see Mr. Straus step before the curtain with one of his own interests in his hand. But he is less obtrusive with his Baskervilles than Mr. Hugh Walpole with his dearly obtruded Scott letters, and we will let him off this time. Because the book itself is so full and pleasant an extenuating circumstance.

Pussyfoot's Progress.

Into a delightfully stuffy little world, where the Unmarried Mothers' League incites its sympathisers to organise "voluntary

evening patrols," Fun walks with a rolling gait. The community is up-ended by the bolt of its supreme District Visitor with an ex-sailor, and every ripple in this agitated pool is described and enumerated by Mr. Straus with loving care. A distinguished and cheering performance, worthy of Mr. Bennett in the gay old days before the shadow of the Five Towns hung quite so heavy over him. And ever so easy to read.

The Scandal.

Yet a success in that vein is rare enough. It is no good saying that the haughty Puritan lady bolted with the sailor. The bare statement of the situation might do well enough to get a laugh on the stage. But on paper things are different. One wants careful observation and close description. And it is because the business of writing literary farce for us



TOURING IN "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS": MISS LOUISE WYNNE.

Miss Louise Wynne, who is on tour with Miss Violet Vanbrugh, comes of a famous legal family, as she is a daughter of Mr. R. T. Watkin Williams, one of the Masters of the Supreme Court, and a J.P. for the County of Devon. Her grandfather was the late Judge of the same name, and her great-grandfather was the late Lord Justice Lush.—[Photograph by Basil.]



"DOLORES," WHO IS SPENDING THE WINTER AT CAPRI: MRS. ROBERT HEYWOOD HASLAM.

Mrs. Robert Heywood Haslam is the lucky possessor of a villa at Capri, where she and her husband are spending the winter. She is a very clever artist, with whose work "Sketch" readers are familiar.—[Camera Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.]

is too often left to people who are equally incapable of description and observation that most of our printed extravaganzas have a ghastliness all their own.

Good of Its Kind.

Mr. Straus has shown us what can be done. And now one would be glad to see some of our busy young pens go and do likewise. Instead of involving themselves in Sagas and Trilogies and suchlike portentous lumber. Let the word go round that it is not beneath the dignity of intelligent people to try and be funny. And we may have a few readable books. Instead of... what we do get.

"Wildfang."

Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow takes the longer, more serious road which many have travelled before him. And he has sent two volumes of his Trilogy up the road already before we get to "Wildfang." One had thought, after

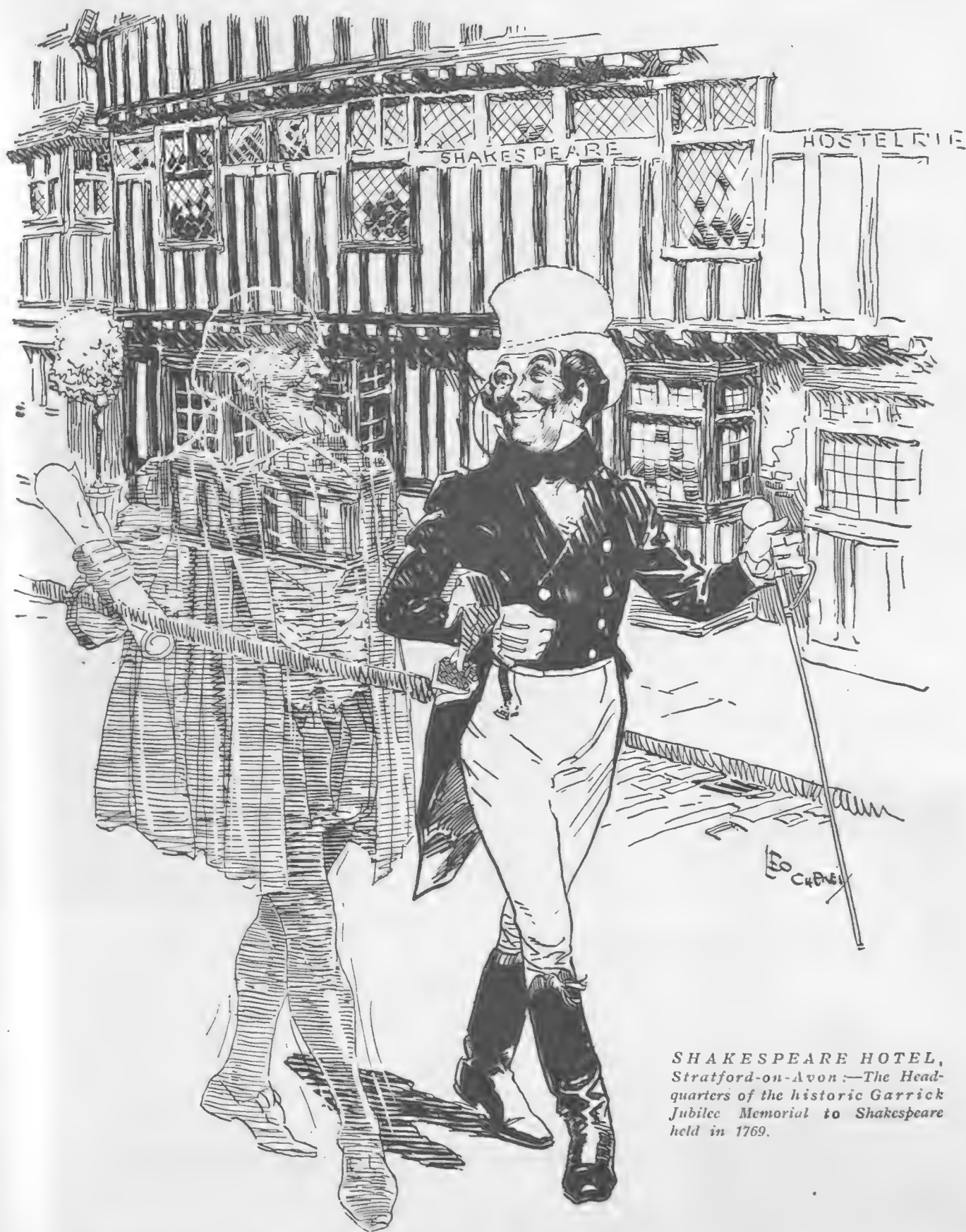
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REMINISCENT OF AN OLD TALE: THE FORMER MISS K. O-DOUBLE-T-I-DOUBLE-U-E-DOUBLE-L-DOUBLE-U-DOUBLE-O-D; NOW MRS. VINCENT BUXTON.

The marriage of Miss K. Ottiwell Wood, daughter of Major P. Wood, to Captain Vincent Buxton, took place recently. The maiden name of the bride recalls the old story of a man with a name containing many double o's, double e's, and w's, who, on being asked to spell his name over the telephone, gave a correct reply, which mystified his interlocutor!—[Photograph by Elwin Neame.]

'Born 1820——Still going Strong!



SHAKESPEARE HOTEL,
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Head-
quarters of the historic Garrick
Jubilee Memorial to Shakespeare
held in 1769.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "What is't? a spirit?.....I might call him a thing divine."

SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE: "I cap thy compliment JOHNNIE WALKER. Thou, too, art
'a spirit of no common rate.'"

Continued.

a casual glance at the title, that it was going to be one of those dreadful animal books, for which the reputation of Mr. Jack London must bear a heavy burden of responsibility. All about Chow-chow the police

comprehension. But one stumbled gradually on the personalities of Mr. Oldmeadow's piece and made in the process (is it a confession of belatedness?) the discovery of a new novelist who is singularly worth reading.

Omniscience.

He has a queer knowledge of all sorts of odd, outlying subjects, and his characters are all lovingly tricked out in the little pieces of their creator's knowledge. But for an encyclopedic person (and he is very nearly that) Mr. Oldmeadow has a weakness for minor distortions of proper names. So in the second (and succeeding seventy-five) edition—or editions—let us hope that he will eliminate "Beachey Head" and "Ulleswater" and "Andalucia." But it is ungrateful to find tiny faults in a large achievement. If Mr. Oldmeadow can keep his erudition from swamping his real gift, he will be very big indeed; if not, he will be a pleasant, slightly crabbed side-show of the order of Mr. Norman Douglas.

1865.

But in any case "Wildfang," if one may beg leave

to forget the irony of its final section, is a large performance. The scene is laid in the 'Sixties, and the figures are queer—but actual. Their setting is exquisitely painted in, and the whole book has a vaguely pictorial quality which the best descriptive writing should have. One wants to read more of Mr. Oldmeadow. And next time, let it be a novel that runs on its own wheels. The Trilogy may be a form of composition very pleasing to the author and his friends; but one doubts somehow its suitability for the crowd outside. Either one hasn't read the first part. Or one has read it and forgotten it. Or one is chilled through the reading of one volume by the fear that one will not be able to understand it without intimate knowledge of its predecessors. But at any rate Mr. Oldmeadow is good. And we should be thankful for that.

First Attempt.

Mr. Makin comes upon us in the engaging livery of the First Novel Library. And at his approach the stern faces of his critics unbend into the soft smiles which Prime Ministers wear when maiden speeches are going forward. His curtain goes up on a scene familiar to amateurs of Anglo-Indian fiction—the heat, the ice in the drinks, the significant initials—P.W.D. and E.I.R.—one is waiting for the *khitmutgar* and Mr. Kipling himself to appear to complete the cast. Instead, enter "a vision in a clinging rose-coloured frock and a neat white topee."

Tiffin for Two.

A competent portrayer of the Anglo-Indian scene of convention

(the formula is as cut and dried as Pierre Loti's), he is a trifle obsessed with the other convention of popular fiction—Anglo-Indian infidelity. An interlude of slightly misplaced melodrama leaves him with a disillusioned villain who has stood by and watched his own wife go to moral destruction at (couldn't you guess?) Port Said.

Passion for One.

The sequel is a crude transpentine melodrama of Love and Hate under Hot Eastern Skies. Mr. Makin must try again, but he must write the next tale about real people and real situations. Because he has considerable vigour, and it seems a pity that he should waste it in telling one old tale. This traditionalism of fiction is one of the worst enemies of young writers. It is next to impossible for them to tread familiar ground without falling into familiar attitudes. And the worst of it is that they do not always choose the best attitudes available. If all the new hands who put their heroine on the boat for India would put in some real hard work and turn out



RAISING THE FLAG OF VICTORY AFTER HAVING BUMPED: AN INCIDENT IN THE LENT RACES AT CAMBRIDGE.

Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.

dog. And Snumph the bear. Which would have been a pity. Because one would not have opened it.

A Good Novel. But bravely (the silent heroism of our reviewers is too rarely acknowledged, and far, far too rarely rewarded) we pushed on. And discovered that it was a real novel about real people. With two volumes—"Coggin" and "The Hare"—to tell us who they were before we could begin it with any hope of



BABY CANNON TO START THE CONTEST: HOW THE CAMBRIDGE LENT BUMPING RACES BEGIN.

Photograph by S. and G.

Kipling and water, one would not complain so bitterly. But the worst of it is that they too often water Miss I. A. R. Wylie. Or (worst of all) transplant the dummies which brandish Browning pistols in the imagination of Mr. William Le Queux to the new stage.

The Models.

And hardest of all is it for a new hand to write historical novels. They have all (presumably) read Mr. Stanley Weyman. And if they would only copy him it wouldn't be so bad. But (*ay de mi!*) they have also, most of them, read Miss Marjorie Bowen. And the results exceed the worst Viper in Milan.

Try Again!

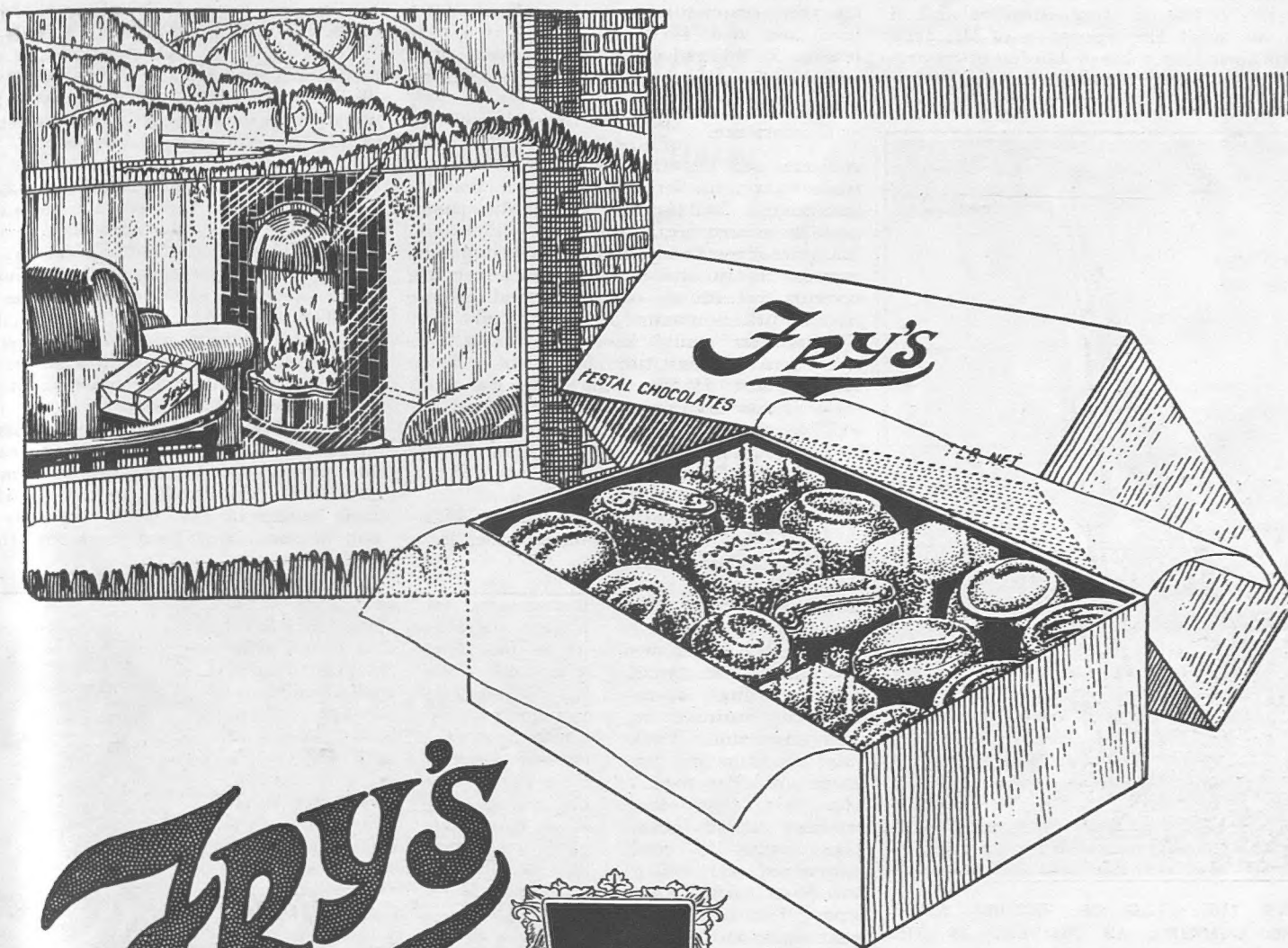
So the new novelists must take heart and have the courage of their own convictions—instead of someone else's—and really strike out for themselves. When he does that Mr. Makin will be judged on his own merits, and not on the demerits of old marionettes dancing on a familiar scene. Then, if he wishes to write about the East (and he has imagination and some knowledge), why, let him, and one will be glad to read him.



FOR A BOAT WHOSE CREW IS MADE UP ENTIRELY OF RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYERS: POSTS AND A BALL IN MINIATURE.

Lady Margaret Five has a crew entirely made up of Rugger players, so her novel mascot of Rugby goal-posts and a ball is eminently suitable.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.]

Volcano: A Frolic. By Ralph Straus. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)
Wildfang. By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.)
The Price of Exile. By William J. Makin. (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)



Fry's



FESTAL Chocolates

*Have you noticed that
Festal Chocolates
have been reduced in
price?*

*Instead of 4/- they
are now 3¼ per pound.
You must try a box,
and enjoy some really
large sized chocolates,
each with the most
enticing centre.*

3¼ PER lb.



The Royal Wedding.

It is natural that every woman in the country should take a warm interest in the forthcoming Royal wedding, for Princess Mary has endeared herself to us all,

with silver. Fur cloaks will probably be worn (and remember that furs are not going down), so there will be an opportunity of using splendid linings: some of the soft satins lamé gold and silver are works of art. Real lace combined with chiffon velvet creates stately gowns; and for the younger woman taffetas embroidered with delicate posies is always becoming. An elegant frock seen in Paris lately consisted of a sheath-like gown of cloth-of-gold over which heavily embroidered ivory tulle was draped; the long sleeves were of tulle, and also the train.

The Mitaine Sleeve.

If the gowns of to-day are not utterly sleeveless, then the sleeve is the most important feature, and it is quite worth while spending a little thought on this subject. The voluminous, heavily embroidered sleeve requires rather a tall figure to show it to perfection, but the close-fitting mitaine sleeve is becoming to everyone. For tea-frocks and evening wear these sleeves are transparent, and composed of delicate lace or tinsel embroidered ninon. They fit tightly from wrist to shoulder, and are often attached to the frock by a jewelled buckle or strap of black velvet. The seam is placed at the back of the arm, and sometimes finished with a waterfall of lace or fringe. For evening wear a gold galon or tiny seed-pearls outline the seam.

The Newest Wrist-Watch.

Madame la Mode changes with such rapidity that it is sometimes difficult to keep pace with her; what a relief it is to know that jewels do not go out of fashion quite as quickly! Wrist-watches are always

very popular, and those being worn in Paris just now are really charming. A small round or square watch is set in pink or red coral, and mounted on a black ribbon strap. Sometimes the coral is carved, sometimes it consists of large rounded beads; the effect is equally pretty in both cases. Carved ivory combs for the hair are also much appreciated the other side of the Channel. Many of them are real jewels, for the ivory is so delicately carved that it has the appearance of lace, and the edge is studded with precious stones which match in colour the evening frock of its owner. Large jet combs are very fashionable, and look lovely in golden hair which is dressed rather closely to the head and low in the neck. Emeralds—Princess Mary's favourite gem—have always had many admirers, and some of the newest pendants consist of a great square emerald hanging within a hollow circle of pearls.

Something New in Hats.

A stylish and becoming hat often redeems even a shabby costume, for if a woman's headpiece is attractive, the eye is not so apt to criticise the rest of her attire. The really smart hat sketched on this page is to be obtained at Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road; it consists of black satin and straw, and the big upstanding bow of satin lends it an unusually elegant line. It costs £4 19s. 9d. The children's hats are also very cunning; one is of black pedal straw trimmed with circles of multi-coloured silk—it is priced at 55s. 9d.; the other is made of shot-brown taffetas, ornamented with chenille and pretty hand-made flowers of pink silk—the price is 57s. 9d. There are other delightful children's hats, consisting of dyed rush, for 21s., and dyed bass for 29s. These are made in most attractive shapes and colours, the rush and bass being beautifully worked.

A Remedy for Chills.

"Ramada" is one of the softest and warmest of pure wool flannels yet produced.

Made from the long staple Australian wool, it is guaranteed unshrinkable, and therefore particularly suitable for children's under-clothing, pyjamas, and dressing-gowns; it also makes beautiful blouses and shirts. This flannel is 31 in. wide, and can be obtained in all colours, plain and striped. At this time of the year, when colds are so prevalent, it is a real blessing to know that "Ramada" can be relied upon to protect our tiny tots; and the manufacturers, William Hollins, Newgate Street, will always replace a faulty piece of flannel, and also pay for the cost of making any garment that has proved defective. "Ramada" is sold by all drapers for 4s. 6d. a yard; but if there should be any difficulty in obtaining it, write to the manufacturer, who will send the address of the nearest agent, also a book of patterns.

It is good news to hear that during February Bargains in Suits and Costumes. Berry's, of Haymarket, are disposing of a large quantity of goods at below half ordinary prices. The stock consists of men's and women's weatherproof overcoats, men's lounge suits and sporting suits, women's tailored coats and skirts, and many other model and other surplus garments that are to be sold at a remarkably low cost. In addition to this, half pieces and less of suitings and overcoatings will be made up to order at special prices; patterns of these materials and a list of garments available may be had on application.

[Continued overleaf.]



Black pedal straw trimmed with multi-coloured silk makes one of these charming hats; the other is of brown taffetas and hand-made flowers. Sketched at Gorrings'.

and every loyal heart will register a fervent wish for her happiness. It has been decided that Court gowns are not to be worn at the ceremony; morning dress with hats is the order of the day. In this case morning dress means sumptuous frocks, gorgeous cloaks, and for once even the picture hat will not be out of place. Blue is Princess Mary's favourite colour, so "larkspur" and "midnight" blue will be much in favour; the latter looks lovely when combined



Olive Hewerdine

"Ramada," the warmest and softest of pure flannels, is employed to make these delightful little garments.



Black satin and straw create this stylish hat. Sketched at Gorrings'.



A Pearl Expert,

who handles real pearls to
the value of millions sterling,

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Ciro Pearls
the finest manufactured
pearls ever seen.

TAHITI.

"I recently had handed to me for examination a necklace of **Ciro Pearls** and I consider them the finest manufactured pearls I have ever seen. I can truthfully say I have had real pearls to the value of millions pass through my hands, and these **Ciro Pearls** make me feel that we chaps will be out of work in time, for in appearance they are equal to the genuine, but the cost is vastly different."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of one guinea, we will send you a necklet of **Ciro Pearls** 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings or any other **Ciro Pearl** jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. **Ciro Pearl** necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl-stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 sent post free on application.

CIRO PEARLS, LTD. (Dept. 5), 39, Old Bond Street
(Piccadilly End)

Our Showrooms are on the
First Floor, over Lloyds Bank.



*Permanently
Waved by*

EUGÈNE

THE above photograph is entirely typical of the work being done at Eugène's **Headquarters** in Grafton Street. You will agree that it answers every question as to whether permanently waved hair can be as beautiful as naturally wavy hair. We are able to achieve these results solely because the **Eugene Waving Apparatus** is the most scientifically accurate existing, and because we employ only **highly skilled operators**. We don't ask you to believe this off-hand—much harm has already been done to permanent waving by the exaggerated claims of people practising with obsolete machines and unskilled knowledge. We ask you to come and prove with your own eyes where our process differs from all others.

OUR patrons, who have come every six months to have their newly grown hair waved, **know** that we achieve every claim we make—that we **can** permanently wave hair in exact reproduction of the most beautiful natural wave, and **without harming the hair**. No unbecoming frizz or brittleness accompanies the **Eugène permanent wave**—the wave is soft and lasting—the newly grown hair can be waved after six months or more **without** affecting the part previously treated. **We guarantee this**, and if the hair is unsuitable for permanent waving, we do not undertake it. **Before** you have your hair waved we invite you to our unique film demonstration at 23, Grafton Street. Here, on living models, you can see the whole process of **Eugène Permanent Waving**. An expert is in attendance to explain or give advice on any question relating to the hair. Displayed **free** to every enquirer.

It is essential to have specially trained operators for waving "bobbed" hair. We have them.

SEND TO-DAY

for our new booklet. It is beautifully illustrated, and contains the whole story of Permanent Waving. You will find it most interesting and convincing. Please ask for 6th edition.

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PARIS.

SETAGÈNE

is a setting lotion for permanently waved and naturally wavy hair. It is not only its effectiveness in setting a soft and becoming wave in the hair which has won it such enthusiastic praise from our patrons—it is the gorgeous sheen and lustre this lotion imparts to the hair, and for scalp massage its tonic qualities are invaluable.

PRICES: 7/6 per bottle; with fine spray attached 12/6. Larger size 10/6; with spray 15/6. Postage paid.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Suède Cloth. Every woman takes a pride in discovering something new in wearing apparel, and is never so happy as when she is able to display a particularly alluring garment before the eyes of her admiring friends. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is showing quite the newest examples



A coat of suède cloth stitched and lined with silk. Sketched at Harvey Nichols.

of coats made in suède cloth—a delightfully soft material imitating real suède and having just the same lovely tones and shadows. The coat sketched on this page is made of grey suède cloth lined throughout with navy blue silk, and ornamented on the pockets with coarse blue silk stitching. It can be obtained in blanket cloth if necessary, suitable for wearing over a sporting costume; in both cases its price is 10½ guineas. Elegant short coats in suède cloth will look well with light summer frocks, and these can be obtained in all shades. Rose and jade are particularly beautiful; they cost 98s. 6d. Wrap coats, suitable for tennis, half-lined with silk, and made magyar fashion, cost 6½ guineas. The large collar is most comfortable, and the fancy material of which they are composed is very warm.

At the White Sale. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are continuing their white sale until February 25, so there is still an opportunity of replenishing your lingerie and household linen. There are special bargains in coats, frocks, and millinery, not to mention babies' clothes and corsets. Hand-made nainsook nightdresses, hand-embroidered and trimmed with torchon lace, are 14s. 9d. French nightgowns of fine lawn, finished with hand-embroidery and ribbon, are 11s. 9d. Chemise and knickers of nainsook,

hand-embroidered and finished with coloured hems, are only 8s. 11d. each; and camiknickers with coloured hems are 9s. 11d. French lawn chemise and knickers, with embroidered spots, are only 5s. 11d. each; and there are exquisite sets, entirely hand-made, for 15s. 9d. each. There is a large selection of crêpe-de-Chine and Japanese silk lingerie at very moderate prices, also pure wool, Indian gauze, and silk combinations of every description.

The Hall-Mark of Security.

How often do we hear that parrot cry: "My very best garment has been lost at the laundry!" Well, the laundry has hundreds of "best garments" to deal with each week, and in a great many cases the markings on these are absolutely insufficient. A clearly woven name, such as Cash's supply, is the only real safeguard against loss and inconvenience. Initials can be bought at any drapers or outfitters, and your woven name can be supplied at a few days' notice. On white ground, these names cost 5s. for twelve dozen; 3s. 9d. for six; and 2s. 9d. for three. On black ground they are just a little extra. Fine tape can now be obtained for marking handkerchiefs and small articles, and a sample of new brocaded washing ribbon will be sent free on application to the manufacturers, J. and J. Cash, Ltd., Coventry.

For a Lovely Complexion.

When the dull, foggy days are over, and the first little breath of spring floats in the air, every woman, young and old, longs to be at her best. Faces require spring-cleaning just as much as houses; but, whereas hot water and soap are excellent for the latter, they are certainly not very beneficial with regard to the former. Valaze Beauty Grains are wonderful for removing the dirt from the pores of the skin; Novena Cerate, patted gently into the face, cleanses it thoroughly without water; Valaze Skin Tonic is a splendid anti-wrinkle lotion; and, of course, one should use Valaze Skin Food regularly. All Valaze beauty preparations can be obtained from Mme. Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street; and if you write to her and tell her your own particular trouble—roughness, wrinkles, tired eyes, etc.—she will advise you what preparation to use. For the minimum sum of 1cs. 6d., Mme. Rubinstein will give a half-hour's treatment, which, if followed with attention, you can repeat in your own home. Oriental soap, refreshing and soothing, is her latest achievement; it costs 3s. 6d. a tablet.

Beautiful Coiffures.

How often a lovely gown is spoilt by a badly dressed head of hair. Beautiful hair is certainly a crowning glory, and "Ultima" transformations are so natural that it is impossible to distinguish them from growing hair. In the first place, they are made on a special, lace-like foundation, and are therefore always light and airy. Then the parting is so wonderfully devised that it is a perfect simulation of nature, and can be altered at will. "Ultima" can be brushed and dressed in any style to suit its owner; and Emile, 24, Conduit Street, from whom these transformations can be obtained, has such a large selection that it is possible to match every head of hair. A beautifully illustrated catalogue will be sent on application, and note must be made of the fact that Emile's "Gallia" process for permanent waving fears neither wind, rain, nor fog.

A Pretty Calendar.

Emile's charming little black-and-gold calendars are much appreciated, and will be sent to all who write giving their name and address.

Tailor-Made Shirts. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing some beautifully tailored shirts just now, at really popular prices. These can be obtained in all kinds of materials—check voile, coloured stripes, linen, crêpe-de-Chine—and there is a great variety of styles. Some have the new waistcoat effect which is so becoming, and there is a charming example of this in striped crêpe-de-Chine fastened with two large pearl buttons, for 52s. 6d. Washing voile shirts, made in all colours, cost 10s. 9d., and striped haircord voile, finished at the neck with black ribbon, 12s. 9d.

New Suits for the Spring.

No woman's wardrobe is complete without the *tailleur habillé*, for this useful costume can be worn on so many occasions, and is never out of place. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, has such a variety of elegant designs that choosing becomes a problem. The one depicted on this page is an exact copy of a Jenny model, and can be obtained for 10½ guineas in any of the new spring shades of gabardine. Note must be taken of the old gold galon with which it is trimmed, and silk stitching. Another suit, having the becoming, long-waisted line, is composed of black satin decorated with bands of plaited satin, giving a symmetrical, shell-like effect which is quite exclusive. Benée



A new spring costume of gabardine ornamented with gold galon and silk stitching. Sketched at Peter Robinson's.

is the creator of this model. One very useful *tailleur* of gabardine is priced at 9½ guineas; but a visit to Peter Robinson's is the best way of realising the beauty of these garments.